

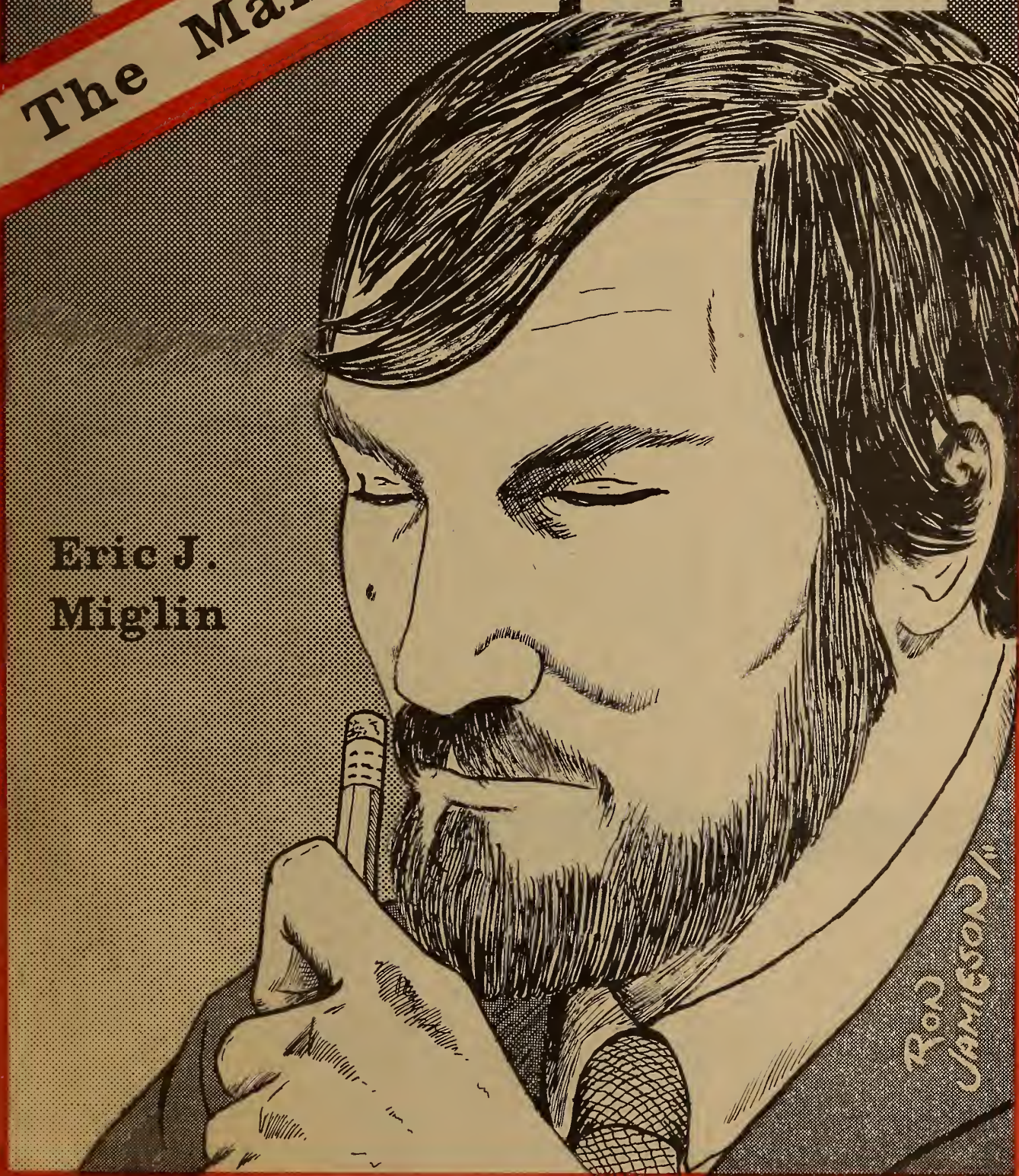
FEBRUARY 24, 1972

NEWARK

The Man for '72?

TO LIKE

Eric J.  
Miglin



NO SENSE





Secret interview between writer Orona and Eric J.

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

*Peter Newell*

When the Toike Oike staff were canvassing for ideas for the "Toike to end all Toikes" we latched onto the concept of a unique-sized Toike formatted after a popular weekly magazine "NewsWeak". Once having decided upon this super Toike we'd have been better off to forget it (er, that's only in retrospect of the week long makeup to put it together) ... but here it is in all its glory — all 32 pages of it. We wanted to have it cut and stapled but due to technical problems the paper would have been delayed another week so ... get out your scissors and stapler and cut on the dotted line.

Since a supercover was necessary for our superToike, who better could we feature than our own super(star) engineer Eric J. Miglin. Toike Art Director Norman Rockwell was commissioned to draw the cover but at the last moment was unavailable having retired to his summer home in Ibiza after it was rumoured that he would be required to appear in court to explain the remarkable similarity between his signature and that found on the last twenty years of a competitor's magazine, "The Saturday Morning Past."

The bulk of the cover story was put together by our very capable Toike Associate Editor Smith C. Orona but

everyone else read the story and thought it was pretty good. Material was gathered from extensive interviews with Miglin collected by Orona during a series of secret meetings held while travelling back and forth on the Bloor Subway, standing in line to see a ToikeWork Raspberry at the movie theatre, and riding the Toronto Island Ferry for two days.

During the makeup of the paper the up and coming New editor took the editorial mantle for a portion of the time. Havoc reigning supreme however the Shadow of He-Who-Is-Not-Yet-Deposed returned to the fore to pull the paper together in time to take it up to the printers on Monday morning.

To all our staff I can only express my own gratitude for their support throughout the year and on a job well done. And especially to our TYPISTS who single-fingeredly transformed our illegible scribbles into the realm of coherence and legibility.

And finally to our readership whom we should thank for clearing away all 16,000 copies of our paper (we can't afford the janitors that come around to clear up, like that other campus paper). You were a little slow in readership reaction often, but I'm sure we heard from all of you after "That's My Boy".

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Cover Drawing in pen and ink by Ron Jamieson.

# TOIKE

The Weak New Magazine  
Founders: Thomas Oike (1905 — 1986)  
Joe E. Skule (1873 — 1874)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Peter Newell . . . Pg. 97

Chairman of the bored: Brian M. Leathem  
Pg. 7492

President: Eric . . . . . Cover

Chairman of the executive committee:

Dean Ham . . . . . Censored

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Louie Newark

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WORKEE  
Cadariariario



## LETTERS

### The Varsity

Dear Toike I want to complain about the Varsity. The varsity's always riding on its own little cloud, so I'm complaining to the Toike.

How come when the Artsies have a week's holiday, the Varsity goes on vacation, too? We all have to pay for it. It's supposed to belong to all of us. It's supposed to serve the whole university. Somehow it seems to serve only the Arts and Science Faculty. Most of the time it looks like it's serving only itself.

How come the Varsity never pays much attention to student needs? You never see too many articles on what happened or what's going to happen at the U. of T. Some weeks ago, a guy from Scarboro College wrote a letter; he was severely pissed off because the varsity never mentions too much about Scarboro. They never mention too much about us, either. Lots of people here probably never knew we had a scarboro college. Lots of people at Scarboro probably don't know about us either.

The Varsity has a preoccupation with politics, strikes, power struggles and trouble. You should pay some attention to things like that, but with the Varsity, it's pathological. The Varsity always talks about involvement and how the university insulates itself from the world around it. It's always intellectualizing about other people's needs and problems. Somehow it does a pretty good job of insulating itself from us.

The Varsity gets too much money for what it's doing. It's so full of crap the ink smears off on your hands. It should get to publish only every two weeks. (We shouldn't cut it off completely - my pussycat depends on it for its supply of cat litter. If the Varsity ever folded, a lot of cats would have to go out in the snow and freeze their asses off.)

The money should go to other faculties, so they can publish their own little rags. More people would get a chance to get involved, and blow their own horn. If each paper got distributed all over the university, and if they staggered their publication rates, then everyone would have something fresh to look at every few days. At least you'd have a chance of finding out more about what goes on around here.

Estrously yours,  
Tom's pussycat.

### Just Plain Filth

When I read the copy of the Toike Oike, dated Feb. 10, I was completely discussed (sic) with the comic on the back, reading "That's my Boy". That is beyond the limits of fun and good taste in anyone's books! Whoever allowed that to be  
TOIKE February 24, 1972

published needs a good lesson in principles and basic morals.

Usually the Toike Oike is gross, but it still remains within the confines of basic morals (it's only as far down as the gutters). But in this issue, because of that one comic, I feel that it isn't funny, but instead just sheer filth!!!!!!

In the usual copies of the paper, people with nice innocent mind won't understand some of the articles and comics, but this time, anyone who even looks at that picture will be utterly discussed (sic) with it.

I'm sure there are a lot of other people that feel as I do about this, so I hope in future issues that you will refrain from allowing sheer crap to be published.

Ed. Note: Who ever said the Toike was gross?

### Vietnam

Sir/ As the commander of our much maligned military effort in Southeast Asia, I feel it is my duty to tell you that the stuff you print in your magazine to document the "unnecessary and illegal censorship of servicemen's outgoing mail from Vietnam" is simply exaggerated Sunday-school moralizing. By now, you should see that it is our homegrown "peacenik" movement and not our foreign policies that missed the boat. From Saigon to San Francisco would not be a long march for enemies in this era of modern weaponry, and had your editors a real sample of the situation over here and its implications for what remains of the Free World, they'd quickly drop their "out of sight, out of mind" attitude toward the Communist menace. Can you still use your adolescent, antieverything wisecrack when sixty million Red Chinese soldiers march triumphantly over the Golden Gate Bridge and into your sisters' or mothers' bedrooms?

Only then will you regret the slurs you made against the Calleys, the Thieus, and the Kys.

Gen. Creighton Abrams  
Saigon, Vietnam

# MOVING?

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Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Name (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No.

City Zone Province

ATTACH LABEL HERE for change of address or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of Toike please send both labels. If moving, please list new address above. Note: see upper left side of label for the date your subscription ends.

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where: G.S.U.

When: Thurs. Feb. 24

time: 7:30 p.m.

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|--|--|---|---|



# The Race is On!

*As is the custom at election time The Toike Oike interviews the candidates for the positions of President and Vice-President of next year's Engineering Society. The purpose is to allow them to make their views and experience known to the student body, so read about your future leaders and representatives.*

## Soft but Forceful

Scott Jolliffe, one of the candidates for President of the Engineering Society, is a soft spoken but forceful politician. As he sees it, however, the success of the society next year will not depend on the political views of the President, but rather on his ability to organise and co-ordinate the affairs of the Council.

"The new constitution will allow next year's Engineering Society to become involved in many areas of interest that have been out of the reach of previous Engineering governments. Each of the seven committees defined in the new structure will be able to consider separately and extensively specific areas of the Council's involvement. It will become the responsibility of the President and the Vice-Presidents to organize and co-ordinate the work of the individual committees and relate this to the Engineering student body as a whole."

**FIRST YEAR.** It is perhaps to his benefit that, for the most part, Scott's involvement with the Society has been in student organization. One of his most valuable contributions in this respect was in setting up and organizing the First Council. He brought together this group of first year class representatives for the first time last fall, and has been working with them since. He gained further experience of this type while working on the Referendum, Rebate, and Elections Committees.

Scott Jolliffe became involved with the Engineering Society last year as the elected Third Year President. He has served the Society in a political capacity as an Engineering SAC rep, and as one of the delegates to the SAC Constitutional Conferences. He also worked with the Constitutional Committee in designing the new structure for the Engineering Society.

**SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.** As far as next year is concerned, he believes that social activities will remain one of the major responsibilities of the Society. He feels that this is the one area that the Engineering Society has realized a great deal of success, in both participation and general student interest. "There's still a lot more that the Engineering Society can be doing in the TOIKE February 24, 1972

way of social activities, and hopefully it will remain one of the top priorities of next year's Council. The new constitution sets aside a Vice-Presidential position and an entire committee to cover this area of student interest. I believe that, given the opportunity, next year has the potential of being one of the Society's best years in this respect."

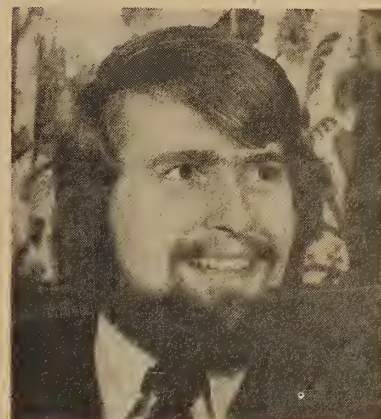
In many of the past years the Society has neglected what Jolliffe feels are responsibilities other than social affairs. He expects that a great deal more could be done in the field of professional development, through the technical councils, the course clubs, and through direct contact with the Engineering profession. "It seems that most courses in Engineering do not get past the mathematical equation and textbook stage. Maybe it should be the Engineering Society's responsibility to offer Engineers the more practical and social side of an Engineer's role in society. This type of involvement could be achieved by establishing more industrial contact, by setting up a summer job program, and perhaps by expanding on the type of educational medium that Synergetics '72 created."

**CENTENARY.** One specific project that he is interested in is the Engineering centenary that is coming up in 1973. He thinks that the Engineering Society has a special obligation to help the Faculty organize the celebration of this occasion. He would like to see U. of T. Engineering host the Canadian Congress of Engineering Students next year, for instance. He also thinks that the plans for an Engineering Centre could be centered around the centennial year.

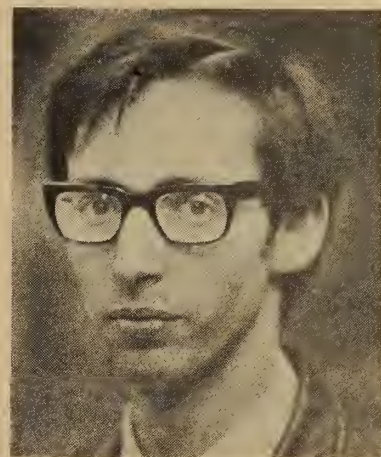
According to Scott, one of the big problems that is inherent to the Eng. Soc. government is the conflict that arises between 'social' and 'political' priorities. However, he thinks that under the committee system set up by the newly adopted constitution, both interests will be able to work efficiently side by side. He feels that it should not be the position of the President to impose more weight to either aspect, but rather to offer both the proper medium and required organization.

"There are a great many divisions in our Faculty; nine course clubs, a separate first year, a 10% Chinese population, and many other groups of varying cultural background. There are social people and political people, environmentalists, pragmatists, and academics. It is my hope that the Engineering Society would be able to offer something to all of these groups."

## Presidential Hopefuls



Scott Jolliffe



Don Buchan

## New Horizons

An impressive candidate for the Engineering Society presidency is Don Buchan. With approximately a years' experience in the world of politics Don has worked both as an executive member in the Engineering Society and as an Engineering Representative at SAC. Our own constitution provides for increased Engineering Society activities on an educational level. Mr. Buchan intends that the University's Engineering Community becomes increasingly involved in conferences and symposiums, perhaps on a national scale. With this in mind, he realizes the great potential that is present in the proposed Engineering Student centre.

Mr. Buchan has already been involved in a clean air symposium with respect to our own "Miss Purity". As a member of a team of U. of T. engineers he is helping in the design of a new, completely electric



## FACULTY

commuter car, the prototype of which will be completed in early August.

**CONFERENCES.** We are all aware of the up coming Centenary of Engineering at the University of Toronto. Don hopes that our faculty will host several major national conferences next year, notably the E.I.C. Student Conference and the Engineering Student Congress. As well as continuing the old traditions of the Cannonball, Chariot Race and more recently Octoberfest, Don hopes to initiate new traditions and to make next year even more exciting regarding Social Functions.

Although recognizing the worth of educational endeavours Don always realizes the value of the entertainment aspect of Engineering. The BFC and LGMB would remain an integral part of the Engineering Society.

**ORIENTATION.** Having witnessed the positive results of orientation activities he intends that next year's program will be even more intensive and varied. Perhaps it could even involve the entire faculty. This will increase the already strong Engineering spirit and draw more people into the planning of Society events.

A quick summary of Don Buchan's platform is the concept of a Society which will mix the exploration of new horizons with our proven valuable traditions.

## Obvious Choice

One of the up-and-coming members of this year's Engineering Society Executive has been S.A.C. Rep Rick Fletcher. His involvement in the executive at a time when interest in the Society's activities was waning, has been instrumental in the reorganization and restructuring of the Society, and this extensive knowledge of the workings of the Society makes him an obvious choice for the Administrative Vice President.

"The Engineering Society has a major rôle to play in this faculty" he said when interviewed at his home. "I feel that the Engineering Society should be a training ground where people can gain valuable experience in human relations. To me, this is as important if not more important than the theory taught by the Professor. Management is looking for people who know how to handle other people rather than people who know the theory but cannot apply it, due to an inability to communicate."

**EFFICIENCY.** When asked what his plans were if he were elected, he replied: "Well, I first want to ensure that the

organizational structure behind the Society is working efficiently. The Society will not be effective, in presenting students' opinions without some type of backing organization." However, he warned against the creation of an ultra-efficient society. "An ultra-efficient bureaucracy would just screw up the spontaneity of the Engineering Society, and it is this spontaneity which makes the Society what it is on campus today".

Social events will not suffer if Fletcher gets elected, however more Society resources will be put into the development of education, services and communications. "Communications is one of the key areas of the Society and I want to see good communications between the Society and the Student body. The Toike Oike, Tiny Toikes and posters all play an important part in the encouragement for involvement in the society and reflect on the Faculty."

What Rick Fletcher is trying to say is accurately summed up on his election posters: "An Engineering Society in tune with the needs of Engineers." If anyone can fulfil this motto, Rick Fletcher will.

## Sometimes Crawling

In the rambunctious but politically quiet Engineering Society of the University of Toronto, important developments are emerging. Key to this new turn of events is Mr. Ron Lepofsky, running (and sometimes crawling) for Vice-president (Administrative). M.B. Search was assigned the task of finding the famous hundredaire-recluse. They searched high and loise, and even Dundas and Jarvis, but their search finally ended in the small island of Psoriasis, off the Grecian coast. Our candid interview took place in the blue Aegean, aboard the clipper "Serving".

T. Mr. Lepofsky,  
L. Yes, I am.

T. What prompted you to run for Vice President of the Engineering Society?  
L. Engineer Paul Cadario is already in for four years as God.

T. I would assume that you have some rather grandiose plans. What have you got in mind?  
L. Is that a come-on fella? My administration will have a vice squad to take care of your type.

T. "Vice squad" as in undercover enforcement or undercover education?  
L. Whichever pays the best.

T. Honest?  
L. Of course not.

T. As the campaigning warms up, have you delivered many ...  
L. Yes, the ship is hard to handle, but

between 9:00 and 11:00 o'clock last night, I made 20 deliveries. One home ordered 30 cases of coke, 30 bags of potato chips, and two gross. That was worth a \$2 tip. As you know, a \$10 tip would capsize us.

T. Please, Mr. Lepofsky, you should let me finish. I was referring to speeches. Have you delivered many class talks?

L. I prefer to call them rallies. But yes, I've made so many deliveries I feel like an obstetrician. Say that's a good line. How's this? I've had enough exposure to get arrested.

T. Mr. Lepofsky!

L. Hold on, I've got another. I've developed a smoother pitch than Sandy Koufax ...

T. Mr. Lepofsky!

L. Yes, I am.

T. Beyond being a world-famous hundredaire-recluse and a brilliant administrator, what background qualifications would you bring to this post?

L. My latest brilliant success was as the business manager of the Toike Oike flagship publication of Toike Oike Press International. I carried the responsibility of solicitation for the paper and its staff.

T. But surely you are aware that in the January 20, 1972 issue, the Toike credits you with "I can get 'em but I can't lay 'em out."

L. For this particular issue, my solicitations were sufficient to satisfy even our voracious editor. However, at three o'clock A.M. (which is not time to attempt a new and unfamiliar technique), I was asked to do the impossible. I think that my reply as quoted indicates a willingness to specialize and a unique devotion to duty on my part.

T. It must take a great deal of perseverance to get each issue of the Toike out.

L. Yes, that and \$700.

T. Have you contributed your brilliant technique to any other Engineering projects?

L. Yes, I handled the promotion of the Computer Matching Dance. I plan to run another computer dance for Freshmen of U. of T. and York at the beginning of next year.

T. Anything else?

L. Well, I might be able to say who painted the cannons behind the SAC office pink.

T. Mr. Ron Lepofsky?

L. Yes, I am.



## FACULTY

### Easy going and Jovial

Sven Miglin, the brother of now-President Eric Miglin, has been acclaimed as the new Vice-President Activities for the Engineering Society. Upon meeting the V.P.-elect, one is immediately aware of his easy-going and jovial nature; he strikes one as somebody who gets along well with his fellow students and co-workers. His friendly personality first hides the fact that he is a well-organized and determined individual.

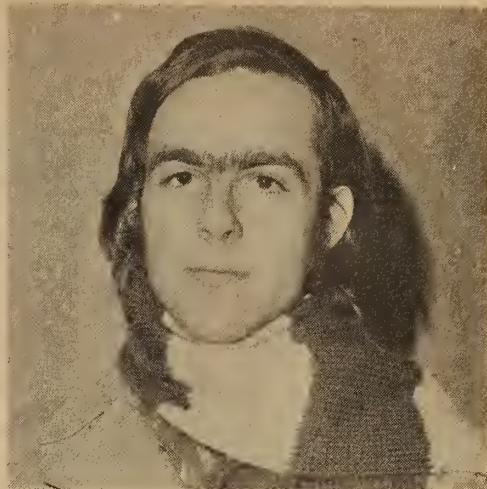
Sven Miglin is a second year Industrial student and no newcomer to the Engineering Society. In his first year Sven held the position of First Year President on the Eng. Soc. Executive. It was a quiet year for him as he became acquainted with the organization, the issues, and the needs of the students.

**SECRETARY.** In his second year, Sven was acclaimed Secretary of the Society and was involved in numerous activities. He was Chairman of the Orientation Committee, he was one of the three students who organized the highly successful Engineering Oktoberfest, and he was Chairman of the Committee to Draft a New Constitution for the Engineering Society.

Asked about his ideas on the Eng. Soc. he said, "I feel that the time has come for the Society to develop itself into areas other than just Social Activities. This is not

to suggest that we ignore them; on the contrary we must provide improved social functions for the members of the Society. But we must also provide more educational and technical services and information. It is the Society's function to help its members prepare themselves for their roles both as Engineers and as citizens."

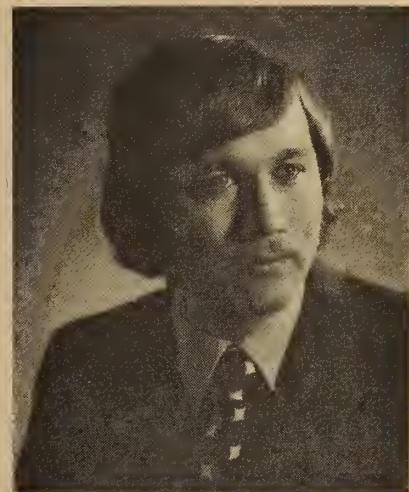
Miglin feels that the upcoming year for the Engineering Society has the potential to be a particularly good one. The groundwork has been laid for new directions for the Society with the drafting of a new Constitution and the re-organization of the structure of the Society. Sven Miglin has been active in the activities of the Engineering Society during the past two years; as one of the same old Officers of the Society, he says he is looking forward to playing an important role in the coming year.



Rick Fletcher



Ron Lepofsky



Sven Miglin

## Are You Up for It?

Would you like to spend the summer looking into how an Engineering Centre could blend into the U of T picture? Well, if you feel that you could contribute some ideas, or do some research about a Centre's feasibility, or approach people on this subject, then we might just have a JOB for you. The Committee hopes to obtain an Opportunities for Youth Grant. Such a grant would enable us to look at what an Engineering Centre should be.

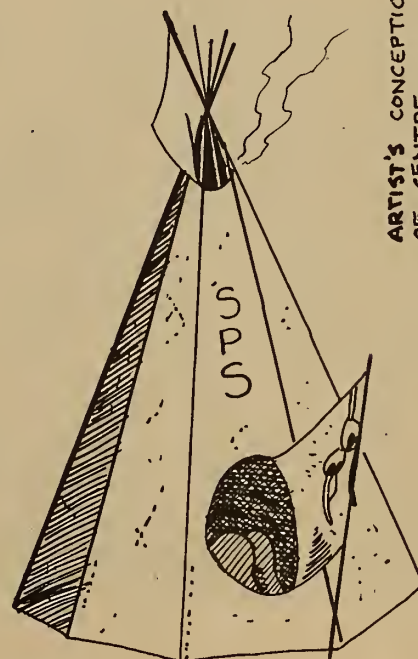
Our questions about how it would fit into the university community need to be answered. We have a good idea of the facilities we need, but we should have a study done, by students, that could explore and document the feasibility of such a Centre.

Our community is a quasi-cultural one that must explore its many aspects worthy of innovation as we are involved in a professional training in scientific, social, and economic thought. Because of the abundance of talent in this university,

we feel that we could get the best because of the nature of the challenge.

**CHALLENGE.** The challenge — to define Engineering in all its scientific, social, and cultural connotations. Its definition should lie in the shaping of space that could best suit the needs of the university community and the alumni. Engineering is not a closed profession, but rather one that must turn to those outside to seek their contributions, their ideas, their philosophies, their needs, and everything else they have to offer. Only in this manner can Engineering augment itself. Engineering has a great tradition of believing in tomorrow, and this you can do only if you know today.

If you're interested, or need to know more, you may apply; leave your name and number with Jan at the Stores. Salary, should the project be accepted, is \$90 a week for a 16 week period beginning May 15, 1972.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CENTRE.



## Eric J. Miglin: Politician as Superstar

# GOVERNING COUNCIL

The University of Toronto, with its unique blend of federated arts colleges and extensive investment in professional faculties, has been long regarded as the most over-governed university in Canada.

Focusing solely on the area of student politics, there are college councils, faculty societies, course unions of every imaginable size and format, residence councils, councils to study councils, and the centre ring itself in the form of the Students Administrative Council which defies rational description.

Beginning July 1, all these councils will be pushed out of the limelight by the new Governing Council, a 50-member body replacing the present Board of Governors and academic Senate.

The Provincial Legislature in its wisdom, and with due regard for existing political realities, has provided for eight students' representatives on the Governing Council. The plethora of posters strewn about campus indicates that the campaign is well under way.

With the possibility of real power as a reward for victory instead of the blissful delusions that seem to fill the heads of many artsie SAC reps, it's no surprise that the race is crowded with many eager student politicians. Some are making their first grab at the brass ring, some are already retreads, and some actually know what they're talking about.

### HEAVY FAVORITE.

Of chief interest in the latter category is Paul Cadario, A Civil engineering student regarded as a heavy favourite for one of the two seats allotted to students in the professional faculties.

In a campaign where candidates are busily inventing experience to impress potential voters, Cadario, 20, has problems deciding which legitimate references to use. The remarkable fact about this candidate is that in less than two years he's worked on as many committees as almost all of his opponents combined while maintaining an outstanding academic record and holding several scholarships.

Currently, the Cadario schedule shows membership on the Engineering Faculty Council, the Engineering Society Executive, plus the thankless job of SAC Finance Commissioner. He's also become a regular observer (usually the only student present) at meetings of the President's Council. As an interested and amused observer, Cadario has a better attendance record at Arts and Science meetings than do many of the arts students' representatives.

Cadario ran for SAC at the beginning of his second year and spent 1970-71 serving on the Finance Commission and saying very little at General SAC meetings. "I was there to work hard on the budget and represent the engineers who elected me."

### "A PRINCIPLED BASTARD."

He quickly became the arch-enemy of the SAC leftist Establishment with a continual attack on their dubious spending plans. However, his insistence on financial responsibility and the need for reform eventually won grudging support from his fiercest opponents. Says one, "Cadario's a bastard, but I admit he's a principled bastard."

While conducting his one-man ombudsman style attack on frivolous SAC spending, Cadario also served on the Eng. Soc. executive and as a rep on the Engineering Faculty Council where he was prominent in the successful student campaign for open meetings and increased student representation.

"The arts student leadership just antagonized faculty with their tactics. We used calm rhetoric and skilfully organized our case around its merits, not foolish threats. We didn't get many headlines, but I think we served the student interest more constructively than do many student reps in the arts."

### THE ISSUES.

Cadario sees the main issues confronting the new Council as the Wright report, library policy, university financing and budget, effective student communication, and improving the campus environment.

"The Wright report would set up exactly the opposite of what it intends — an expensive, bureaucratized job factory." Cadario finds it ludicrous that the university could spend \$42 million on a new library and then so seriously restrict access. "Strong input from the professional faculties will assure that we receive our rightful share of the university's budget, so that we can maintain and improve the quality of our teachers and facilities."

"The University lacks even the basic physical needs of adequate social and eating facilities and a men's athletic complex."

With his extensive, genuine experience and command of the issues, Cadario hopes to win solid support from Engineering, Pharmacy, Medicine, Music, and Dentistry. His energetic campaign also aims at picking up votes in Nursing and Law.

### BITTER STRUGGLE.

The other five candidates in the professional faculties, officially called Constituency II, are locked in a bitter struggle for second place. Christine Denn, in III Nursing, has valuable experience on SHOUT and the North Carolina Exchange. Her approach is calm, competent, and realistic with a pleasing absence of any exaggerated promises and impractical ideas.

The other woman in the race, Asia Malik of Architecture, is running on the Young Socialists ticket and was refused SAC accreditation due to "lack of knowledge and experience in University affairs."

Law student Don Short stresses his extensive service on numerous Hart House Committees while Aron Goldberg seems to be a one-issue candidate focusing entirely on the Wright Report.

In the Arts constituency, Brian Morgan and Ron Struys have a clear advantage in experience and commitment to student issues over their seven rivals. The two seats for part-time students see a brutal battle between APUS founder Joyce Denyer, a veteran of several university and government committees on part-time students and student aid, and the more volatile Norma Grindal, current APUS President.



# The Year of THE YEAR!

For not the first time in its history, the U of T campus was plugged into by Metro SAC hacks this summer, invited on campus by Robert Spencer, convincingly acting as President.

The "Looking Glass War" attack on innocent young people was an act of insanity never before witnessed on this campus — politicians were unable to distinguish their left wing from their right. During the Abols and Hurd years, U. of T. enjoyed a relatively peaceful campus, presided over by a liberal who sought to avoid confrontation.

Few people suspected that the University's Course Evaluator-become-President would so foolishly demolish this tradition of peaceful dialogue within his first weeks in office. In an article published in the first issue of the Toike, we wrongly predicted that he would do little more than house-break Baggie in anticipation of sherry sessions in Simcoe Hall chambers. We underestimated his stupidity.

**WISHY-WASHINESS.** We did not misrepresent his wishy-washiness. Spencer's indecisive decisiveness again revealed itself. In his presentation to the S.A.C. supporting the fascistic request for an accreditation committee to "interview" student candidates for the Governing Council, Spencer in effect upheld the Provincial decision to allot only four of the Governing Council's 50 seats for students. However, St. Michael's College Student Senate President, John O'Grady, indignantly made Spencer repudiate his stand, denying there had been any noise of the former sort from the SAC office. (*Ed. note: SAC Reps running for G.C. were excluded from this non-secular gesture.*)

President Hurd had always maintained the illusion of consulting the university community before taking any major action (short of ordering his weekly supply of sherry) and had assured students and Trinity College that he would never invite politicians onto the campus without first consulting them (the politicians, that is).

Spencer did not bother with such niceties. In a letter to John O'Grady, he assiduously excused himself by saying there were no representative bodies on campus until O'Grady helped him to revise the Constitution, ignoring the fact that the old Constitution continues in effect until the new Constitution is implemented.

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However we should be thankful to Spencer for, unintentionally, he has shown the students where this year's SAC is at — who it serves, and how it acts.

As the servant of this province's middle- and upper-class, Spencer knows he does not have to concern himself with unimportant issues such as improving the student services. Instead, it is his task to maintain the interdisciplinary status quo.

**RESTLESS.** And, if the student population gets restless, he knows he can rely on the presence of the J.P. Robarts Library to which he can funnel their frustrations. It worked in Waterloo, and it undoubtedly can work at U. of T. — if Phil Dack allows it to.

If U. of T. students continue to delude themselves with visions of the productivity of leftist politics, Spencers and his Moles, supported by gun-runners for Greece and moneyed SAC employees who will attempt to control the elections for the student seats on the Governing Council, will reinforce a regime of incohesiveness and increased student impotency on this campus.

If we really believe in the concept of a democratic university, we cannot allow the situation to persist. Referenda and strikes will prove useless in the long run. Direct action is required.

Aspiring Spenserians cannot be allowed a mandate for indecision. SAC must be shown that this university community cannot and will not function unless it functions in the interests of the students.

**CRIPPLED.** If the SAC Executive remains adamant in its policy of ignoring students and the community, it must be crippled — by whatever means are necessary. If Spencer again calls politicians on campus, students cannot remain passive.

1972-73 must be the year of THE YEAR at U. of T., a year in which student community rights are indelibly entrenched by direct action and in which those who seek to frustrate this process are retarded. We shall not initiate foul play, but we must be prepared to deal with the S.A.C.'s tactics on its own terms. Their defensive methods must be met with offensive action.



SAC V.P. PHIL DACK AND PRES. BOB SPENCER ON STEPS OF SAC OFFICE



# COVERSTORY

Engineering Society President Eric Miglin has gained much political acumen since his election as custodian of the Grade 3 cloakroom. Throughout his early schooling years, the Miglin family was constantly on the move. Yet, in each new place, Eric persistently proved that he was capable of massing electoral support with remarkable ease.

Born a leader? Miglin feels that to some degree his leadership qualities are innate; he recalls childhood games in which he usually played the captain, the general, or the chief. Feeling, however, that many individuals have the potential to be good elected officials, Miglin suggests that most do not recognize this in themselves, and therefore do not develop their qualities in full.

Miglin himself has held major positions every year since his election as Student Council President at Vancouver's Sentinel Secondary School, during his 1966-67 final year. At the University of British Columbia, he was the successful candidate for the First Year President of the Faculty of Science. This position with few responsibilities did little to tax his administrative or representative abilities.

Moving back to his hometown of Toronto in the summer of 1968, Miglin enrolled into the Engineering Science Programme at the University of Toronto. On his own initiative, he sought office as First Year President of the Engineering Society. As the junior member of the organization, Miglin joined President - to-be Art McIlwain's enthusiasm for the Faculty restructuring project. Following his avid involvement in these activities, one of the senior Engineering SAC Representatives advised Miglin to run for SAC Rep himself.

**SIDES.** Upon election, Miglin found himself having to choose sides on a Students' Administrative Council split

between the political beliefs of President Gus Abols and those of Vice-President Bob Barkwell. Barkwell and followers being a deterioration of the glorious radicals of Langdon's day, Miglin quickly sided with Abols, who worked to undermine the immoderate tendencies of the other group.

Active work on the Council began early in Miglin's term of office. All summer Barkwell's group had carved out a labor-saving device for the SAC Office Staff: a Union contract with much icing and little cake. Miglin missed his first week of classes in order to personally collect the major part of the 2300 signatures on a petition demanding campus referendum on the issue.

In a tense meeting, for which President Gus Abols was absent, Miglin presented the petition to forestall signing of the contract. Procedural chaos, hot-tempered disagreements, veiled threats about constituencies withdrawing from SAC... the Council refused the referendum request.

Stunned by this anti-student movement, and later spurred by the anti-CUS referendum, experienced politicians began to prime Miglin for his nomination as Vice-President of SAC at the close of that year. The balance of the year spent diligently on various Commissions' work, Miglin found the time fruitful, but uneventful until the election campaign.

"Hurd on the Third"... Gus Abols introduced Eric Miglin and Rod Hurd, the capable and popular Scarborough College Student President; the two decided to run together for the highest positions on the SAC, election day being March 3. Their campaign workers were confident that the two large electoral bases and the two charismatic politicians could win successfully. Miglin remembers being somewhat surprised that the turnout in the other constituencies was so low, that the election results were so close.

The year in which Gus Abols had declared that it was "good to be right" had been one of meaningful accomplishments for Miglin the SAC Rep: it was a prelude to a dismal year for the newly-elected Vice-President. Election opponents, Richardson and McEvoy, and their supporters (the basically 'Barkwell' Executive) became the SAC Office Staff.

Hurd was reputed to have been co-opted by these people during the summer months; Miglin for the most part was disregarded in matters of importance. With few supporters elected to the Council, the Vice-President consumed his time by working for the student groups or ideas that were likely to be quashed by other members of the Executive.

Following that summer, the unimproved relations led Miglin to assume passive roles: that of attempting to maintain some reasonable hold on Council expenditures and that of protecting campus groups like Radio Varsity, the Contraception Clinic, and Renaissance '71. On the overall, Miglin considers the year to a large degree a failure and a disappointment.

There is the suggestion that Hurd and Miglin were not well enough acquainted before their election campaign to be able to work well together, or to incite others to follow their example. In order to fulfill the requirements of any office, it is necessary to have unshakeable confidence in one's personal ability to do the job. If other people have expressed their confidence in an individual through their vote, then the elected candidate should be able to prove that the voters' trust is not misplaced.

**UNPREPARED.** Miglin admits candidly that he was unprepared for his position. Coupled with a weak grounding in campus affairs and insufficient support on the Council and Exexutive, few of Miglin's aims could be achieved that year.

A more personal loss, because of his required presence at the SAC Office, Miglin had to forego his summer projects. Each summer since his high school days, this student politician sought some activity which would divert his attention from academics, politics and employment.

Miglin cites his year at U.B.C. as the only time he has spent more effort on an activity other than politics; as a member of the Outdoors Club, he passed winter and summer on the ski slopes of Whistler Mountain. During his three years in Ontario, Miglin has used his skiing experience with characteristic altruism: he has been a first-aid Patroller with the Canadian Ski Patrol System.

The move to Toronto disrupted any thought of a long-term project for the



At Mosport



Under the canopy



COVERSTORY

summer of 1968, but Miglin took a five-week French course at St. Pierre-et-Miquelon to remove the edge from any disappointments. Ostensibly attempting to become bilingual, Eric remembers best his training in the Francophone art of consuming liquid refreshments at all hours of the day and night.

**RACING.** The summer following his release from the Vice-Presidency of SAC, Miglin planned to satisfy a long-time wish, to drive a racing car. With another fellow, the politician turned racing driver with an MGB at bright red MGB at Mosport. Car racing required a tremendous expenditure of time and money but Miglin still found additional time to devote to another inclination: skydiving.

Joining the Parachute Association of Toronto, Miglin completed sixty-six jumps. Exhilarated by the combined sensationalism of both car-racing and doing one mile freefalls in 30 seconds, Miglin will have to search hard to find a suitable follow-up. Asked about his plans for the coming summer, Miglin talked about the possibility of obtaining a pilot's licence. Miglin's unrelenting energy, ambition and patience to see a project to its finish are qualities that equip him well for politics as well as the many activities in which he hopes to partake before he is too old to appreciate them.

**ENG. SOC. PRESIDENT.** Exciting summer plans helped Miglin to overcome the many disappointments of the bad political year; much of the distaste he had experienced during that year had been dispelled by his rather overpowering election as Engineering Society President. Determined not to let the Society go the way of other floundering councils across the campus, Miglin strove to unite the Society members to work for the betterment of the organization.

With a strong Executive and many willing hands to work on both social and educational plans, Miglin's leadership proved itself several times during the year with a show of strength not noticeable in other student societies. With huge support from the Engineering students, Miglin was offered a mandate to ask SAC for a 50% rebate to the Engineering constituency. But the Eng. Soc. President chose not to use the mandate directly.

First negotiations with the SAC at the annual spring Budget Meeting were attempted. Failing in this bid, the Engineers, followed swiftly by the Medsmen, asked directly for the rebate. Both groups were rejected, each being told that the up-and-coming re-structuring of the SAC Constitution would cover most of their requests. It was, however, Miglin and the Engineering Society brief to the SAC Constitutional Conference that set the tone for general student discontent with SAC.

In Engineering alone, the Faculty was to experience the best revival of campus social life under the Miglin administration, of a



PACKING UP 'CHUTE AT DAMASCUS DROP ZONE



CLOWNING WITH VICE-PRES NANCY IRELAND.

But Could He Have Done It Without . . .

*No organization is a one-man organization, and the Engineering Society is no exception. President Eric Miglin was fortunate to have a number of very competent and capable people to help him this year. The following individuals made up the core of people responsible, along with Miglin, for the success of the Engineering Society this year.*

Rick Fletcher (II Civil), one of the Engineering SAC Reps, was one of the key people who worked on drafting the new Constitution for the Society. As well as providing a strong voice for Engineers at SAC, he also became heavily involved in the general activities of the organization.

Charles de la Riviere (IV Chem.), Fourth Year Vice-President, was the master-mind behind the highly successful Engineering Oktoberfest. The original idea and initiative for the concept of constructing an Engineering Centre started with him. De la Riviere managed to get involved in a diversity of projects in spite of the fact that he still had to help organize

all the Graduation activities.

Scott Joliffe (III Chem.), SAC Rep., was personally instrumental in setting up the First Year Council and in getting the first year Engineers involved in the activities of the Society.. He also had strong feelings on new directions that the Eng. Soc. should be taking and he made a number of valuable contributions in this area.

Peter Newell (IV. Eng. Sci.) was the overworked Editor of the Toike Oike this past year. A longtime friend of Miglin's, Newell played a key role in ensuring effective communications within the Society as well as being actively involved in the Engineering Athletic Association.

Perhaps Miglin's closest political cohort was Engineering's dynamic SAC Rep, Paul Cadario (IIICivil). As SAC Finance Commissioner and having an inside line on practically everything going on campus, Cadario became the Society's resident expert on University affairs.

Sven Miglin (II Ind.), Eric's younger brother, was Secretary for the Eng. Soc. Executive this year. He was active as Chairman of the Orientation Committee and he was de la Riviere's right-hand man in organizing the Oktoberfest. Sven also acted as the official chairman of the committee writing the new Constitution for the Society.

Clare Riepma (IV Civil), another of Engineering's intrepid SAC Reps, was one of the key members of the group which drafted the new Constitution. Riepma was also one of Engineering's more vocal representatives at the SAC Constitutional Conference.

F!



## COVERSTORY

calibre of success that had not been seen at the U. of T. for some years. Miglin feels that the year had a good measure of social activities, of reform within the organization and the Faculty, and of re-vitalization of Engineering relations within the U. of T. as a whole.

**CONSTITUTION.** The Eng. Soc. Constitution was re-written this year, to conform with the many changes occurring at all levels of University life: more Engineering students were discovering 'Artsie' subjects, while others were moving more meaningfully into the realms of campus politics. In general, Miglin at the helm of the Engineering Society meant that there was a progressive vigor guiding the students through a difficult period, helping the Society to move with the changes rather than stagnating as many other councils were.

Though Miglin had tasted the full measure of success with this year, he is not leaving the Eng. Soc. without putting everything in readiness for the in-coming Council. Miglin believes strenuously that a continuity must be maintained between successive Councils, rather than forcing the new group to pick up the pieces where the last one left off. With a firm foundation from this past year, the next Eng. Soc. can feel confident of their own continuing vitality.

**FINE RECORD** Eric Miglin will graduate from the U. of T. with a fine

record: academic honors, multifarious achievements in extra-curricular activities, and concrete political expertise. He cannot fully assess the significance of the insights, vigor, and a stimulation he has gained throughout all his years in office: the bad and the good.

Even after that dismal year, Miglin proved that Engineering students still had faith in his abilities to aid them politically; he topped the polls for representation on the University Wide Committee and for the Presidency of the Engineering Society. He inspired the Engineers to unite on the principle of the rebate from SAC; no other Faculty had been able to do so before this time. (Erindale and Scarborough negotiated for their rebates, without having to go to a vote.) The Eng. Soc. has had a much more powerful campus-wide voice this year than ever before; Miglin has used the combined abilities of his fellow student Society members well to promote his and other students' aims in a well-knit and reasoned fashion.

What of next year? It is improbable that Miglin will fade into the business world of junior executives. He has been accepted by Harvard to enter their M.B.A. Programme. Will he abandon the U. of T. and seek these additional honors? Or, could it be U. of T.'s good fortune to retain this capable, organized politician next year to try once again to clean up a worsening campus sore-spot?

## MILESTONES

**BORN** to Jack Meoff, the "Carnal Condom" King and his eighteen year old, transvestite bride, Christeen Jerkofson, triplets; one boy, one girl and one undeterminable. Mr. Meoff is suing for divorce immediately and his wife is suing the Carnal Condom company for sale of defective goods.

**DIED** Peter Newell, recent editor of the foremost campus newspaper, the Toike Oike. Nobody was ever discovered, but Mr. Ronald Jamieson, his successor, immediately seized control and proceeded to exert his tyrannic power.

**DIED** Pshaw Ali Ben Muhammed Pasha, Ruler of Lower Oilcan, of sexual exhaustion, in his harem. The Pshaw is survived by 69 wives, 37 daughters and a genetic eunuch.

**REBORN** Ralph the Compressor. After nearly 3 months of inoperation, Ralph gave out his first gasping groan of the year. Amid cheers of his friends and companions he merrily went belching along.

## PEOPLE

**Does anybody remember Doug Venn?** After achieving phenomenal success with his initial work on Miss Purity, Doug disappeared from sight for several months. He has recently emerged however, with a revolutionary pollution free power plant design that he constructed in a secret laboratory. The proud inventor has commented that this new engine "necessarily reflects the economic realities of the time" but has been heard to boast "At fifteen miles per hour the only sound you'll hear is the puffing of the Hamsters".

Police answering shrieks for help interrupted the honeymoon happiness of a former Toike staffer (**Imants Jumis**) and his lovely bride of seven hours, **Janice**. The new Mrs. **Jumis** demanded that she be escorted back to her mother and that the baffled Hubby be arrested on charges of attempted rape, assault with a dangerous weapon, illegal use of hands, and premeditated "getting fresh".

With the completion of the now awesome known structure known variously as the "**Romular Space Port**", "**The Concrete Abortion**" or "**Somebody's**

**Memorial Library**", a university wide party was declared to celebrate the official opening. Chief Bigwig in attendance, President **J.W. Sword**, promised the crowd "The immediate elimination of all undergraduates within the university limits." Rolling up his short sleeve in preparation for the ceremonial entry, **Sword** smiles for photographers as the building is lifted onto a flat truck by the **B.F.C.** and officially stolen for the first time.

"Even if her name was **Anne Bligee**," says her riding instructor, "I would say that she is good enough to ride for the Toike Office in top intercourse events." Actually her name is **Alayne Marr**. Alayne wants to ride in the Olympics next year, and if she doesn't make the team this time, predicts one acquaintance, she will discourage prospective husbands until after the 1976 games.

A fruit-juice diet has whittled her weight down to 100 lbs. But **Alayne** vowed last week that she will continue her 15-week fast until the war in Marg-Add is over. "Right now Pete's Juice is flipping me out." What will she do if the war lasts ten years? "I'll just call a press conference and declare the war over and eat."

The First Annual Valentine Party for the children of Skulemen was held Feb. 12, 1972 at the Debates room, Hart House. Those in attendance included the social elite of the toddler set. The debutantes present were Miss Nicole Castor, Miss Theresa Barber, Miss Michelle Foster, Miss Karen Harman, Miss B. Bowan, and many more.



Tea was served by Misses Eleanor Lewicki and Eva Roy. Play things were by Dylan and Anton de la Riviere.

Some of the young gentlemen were Masters Paul Fairley, Luc de la Riviere, Patrick Cervenka, Matt & Ryan Austin, and Mr. Thibeau, to name a few.





# Mario Makes Big

The most dynamic enterprise this year has been, to the business world's delight, the University of Toronto's incorporation as a money making company. Since its inception as an Educational Institution for learning his monolith has ponderously and in a typical manner, lost vast quantities of money, for which the poor burdened taxpayer has seen no return except radical anti-business, hippy radical, commy pinko freaks emerge to disrupt the national profit inspiring life-blood or OSA CANADA.

This past year, Mario's Bakery, the fine old Family conglomerate, brought the University of Toronto under its benevolent protection wing. Why did Mario's Bakery decide to get into this business? An industry which previously had been the abode of money squandering governments and tax-minded philanthropists.

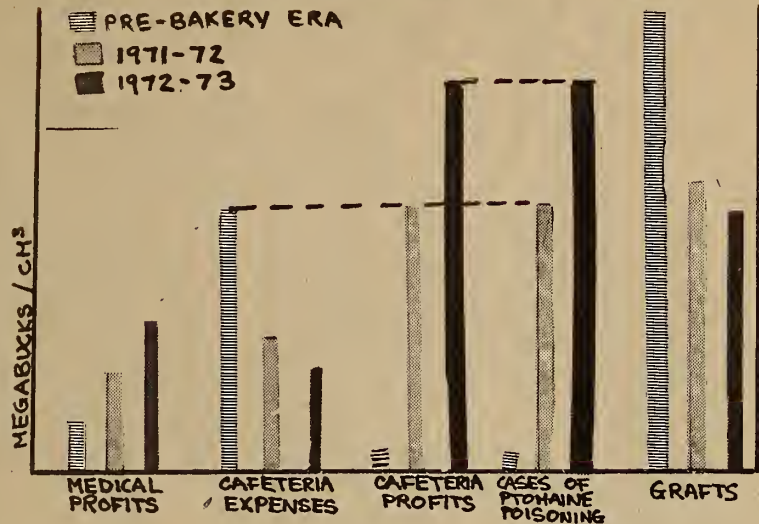
**MR. BIG.** It has been rumoured from usually dependent sources that GOD came into Mr. Big (No. 536 in the organization) and spake to him, telling him to go hence from Newark North and into the barren waste, and this he did. Mr. Big arrived in Toronto in Early November, 1970. To mark this occasion November 11 will be set aside as a National Holiday. All classes will be cancelled and at 11 A.M., 2 minutes of silence will be devoted to the remembrance of those people who lost their lives, and as a warning to all future generations.

Among the official welcoming party was the late Engineering Store's Manager, the late President of the Engineering Society, the late Janis Joplin, the late Jimi Hendrix, and the late Charles de Gaulle. It was noted in previous Toike obituaries that all these people died under strange circumstances shortly after, or just preceding Mr. Big's visit, however no official connection could be made with the event.

The University of Toronto is now becoming one of the organization's greatest money makers. The graphs on the lower left hand side of the page indicates the huge increase in student enrolment, especially in the summer months, where many classes in the culinary arts are going to be taught through the self-improvement program of Mario's Bakery.

1. give or take a few million
  2. see note under item 5
  3. this is done as a public service
  4. \$940 Engineering Society Fee
  8. represent computer printout overflow
- TOIKE February 24, 1972<sup>1</sup>

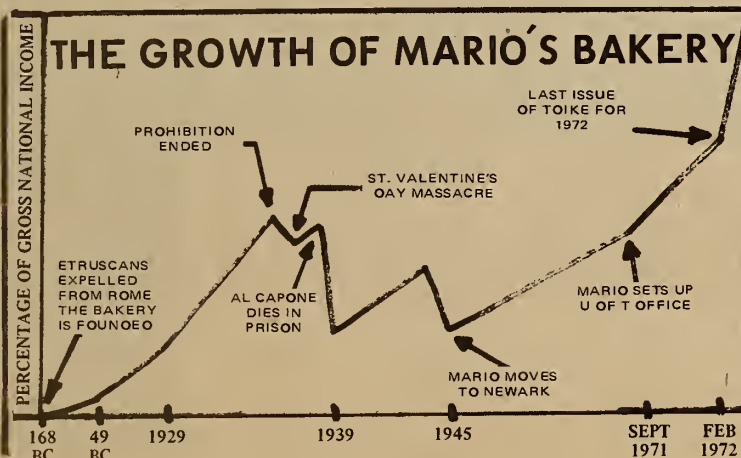
GROWTH OF ONE PHASE OF U.O.T. OPERATION



## Mario's Financial Statement 71-72

University of Toronto Inc. — a holy Canadian.  
owned subsidiary of that benevolent and overlord of all that is good and true and — Mario's Bakery Inc.  
free delivery on all orders of over \$2m.

| Item  | Credit   | Debit   |
|---|--|---|
| 1. (i) Graft for professors                     | \$4.21 to 64,32.00<br>(commensurate with experience and stature) |   |
| (ii) Kickback                                   |  | \$4.28 to \$64,329.35<br>(variation as per tax 1 (i)) |
| 2. Salary of New President                      |  | \$8.12 plus expenses<br>sub-total: \$*,**,*           |
| 3. Increase in postage rates                    | 1c per letter<br>subtotal: \$1.31 <sup>1</sup>                   |   |
| 4. Marg Add                                     | \$14.31/girl/night <sup>2</sup>                                  |   |
| 5. (i) Profylactic Machines                     | 10 cent /profile   |   |
| (ii) Day-After Machine Dispensers               | \$1.25/day   |   |
| 6. Abortions                                    | nil <sup>3</sup>   |   |
| 7. 2 day vacations to Buffalo and New York City | \$435 each   |   |
| 8. The Varsity                                  |  | a complete loss                                       |
| 9. The Telegram                                 |  | ibid  |
| 10. The Sun                                     |  | ibid  |
| 11. Radio Varsity                               |  | 1 free Toike ad.                                      |
| 12. Oktoberfest                                 | \$1.43 <sup>4</sup>  |   |
| 12. Computer Matching                           | see item (5)   |   |
| 14. Coke Machine                                | 16c/bottle   |   |
| 15. Toike Oike Press International              |  | Peter Newell's insanity                               |
| 16. Brute Force Retrieval Service Inc.          | 21 Queen's crests/\$120  | 1 flag  |



Gross Profit before taxes  
\$135,875,432.12  
Net Profit after taxes  
\$135,875,432.13  
audited by Chief "Mickey" West  
U of T Mice Squad Inc.



# A Toikework Raspberry

Violence, sex sadism, bestiality, sodomy and family entertainment all for the price of one. Where can we get it? Where but from our favourite corner movie theatre, who is featuring Hollywood's latest releases on the giant screen. Blood and gore in Cinemascope, Colour Deluxe.

Here is a look at one of the most interesting examples of the season's finery, **A Toikework Raspberry**, directed by Stan Klubchick, who has brought us such notable films as *2001.5: A Spaced-out Idiosyncrasy* and *Strange Fetish, M.D.*

In the Dreg-dominated world of **A Toikework Raspberry**, Klubchick has visually expressed his sick fantasies of a sicker future society. **A Toikework Raspberry**, concerns the adventures of a young man in his pursuit of truth, justice and the Canadian way (the almighty beaver). The Chief, as he is affectionally known by his contemporaries, is the leader of an innocuous gang, the B.F.C. Dregs.

A few brews of the ol' bitters down at the stores, according to the Chief, "sharpens you up and makes you ready for some of the old jollies."

After knocking back a couple of pints, the Chief and his Dregs bash off for an evening's enlivenment. They are soon rewarded when they happen upon a drunken rubby in an alley. With pathological fury and simultaneously unemotional detachment, they methodically bash the shit out of him. The Chief described the mugging thus: "Pete held his rookers, and Georgie hooked his rot wide open for him, while Dum yanked out his zoobies. Then we razrezzed his platties." The scene was a horror show of gratuitous violence.

The gang soon bored of this and made for the Black Hart Pub, that den of aphrodesia and pron. Here they 'reek' havoc among the artsie inhabitants, leaving them spewing and ralphing their guts out, as only artsies unable to hold their brew can.

The evening climaxes with "The' old surprise visit" to the SAC where they 'brute forced' their way in, captured Bob Spencer, and gagged him, ragged him, shagged him, and left him for dead. Then with open arms and trousers at half mast, the Chief brutally rapes Ceta Letmebangyourwangaround. After a quick spin around campus in a high jacked Urindale bus, the Dregs return to the stores, feeling "a bit scragged, fagged and

bushed." After all, the Chief says, it has been "an evening os some small energy expenditures."

Klubchick has masterminded a character of ultra-sex and booze, a true freak of future societies. His child of today's decadent society is at once unbelievable, but at the same time he is recognisable as the product of a world somehow gone berserk, in which there are no real alternatives, only 'Degrees of Madness.'

**A Toikework Raspberry**, based on R.D. Fletcher's best selling short story, "The Sensuous Baboon", is a merciless, demonic satire in the future imperfect. (Ed. Note: past-indefinite, present doubtful).

Klubchick comments, "People in the 20th century are increasingly occupied with magic, mystical experience, transcendental urges, hallucinogenic drugs, and the belief in extraterrestrial intelligence, (see Toike Jan. 20) so that fantasy, the supernatural, the 'magical documentary', are closer to the sense of the times than naturalism."

But the Chief, so contemptuously and absolutely in control, soon becomes a victim of his own lunatic society. His Dregs are pissed off with petty crimes and ineffectual, lack-lustre capers. Hungry for more vicarious kicks, they depose their once omnipotent leader in a deluge of animalistic violence and savagery, atop the Sandford Fleming Building. The fruckus ends quickly as it began, with a bashed and battered chief oozing on the streets below. The Chief is quickly fallen upon by the ever-present forces of 'Academcia' and dragged off to the deep, dark, dank, dingy dungeons (Note Alliteration) of the Galbraith Building, there to be brainwashed and converted over to the life-style of the true 'Academic'.

Using the L.E. Jones technique, a behaviouristic verbal barrage of meaningless incoherent non-sequitur and visual ostentatiousness cripples him at the mere thought of booze or sex. Thoroughly zapped, the Chief is transformed into a kind of finite automaton with no free will of his own. His driving force in life is to become a "Primus Engineericus" a superstar (see cover story). His case is documented and chronicled for future generations in a series of programmed stimuli.

As decent a lad as you would meet on an April morning, the Chief is released into

a world of warm realities. He becomes a model student. Problem sets done, lecture notes up to date, labs turned in on time, he even forgets how to play bridge, and transfers to Engineering Science.

Klubchick's **Toikework** becomes a kind of cautioning fable. Since his entrance into the field of pseudo-masochistic film happenings, he has consistently examined the dimensions of the human anatomy.

Few directors exert such stringent, heleciane, arterial control during the making of their films. He insists on taking every aspect of the direction of his action in hand, providing all the way through. Truly we have found a master of the old in-out game.

By an almost marginal coincidence of retribution, the Chief is again set upon by his once faithful Dregs who fear that this new creation of electronic induction will



Cured!

TOIKF February 24, 1972



## CINEMA

end in destruction of their hallowed bell curve and "screw the class average". They conceive and execute a flawless kidnapping of the Chief on his way home from the New College library where he spends his nights studying. He is dragged bodily to the Stores where his old cronies become his new fiendish tormentors. They strap him down and even though he struggled to resist, gagging and choking at the thought of his precious studying time going to waste, his efforts were in vain. So were a few other things. He felt his body chemistry changing as his blood coursed higher and higher to his head. Finally, with a horrendous whoosh his head soared through the Mill Building enveloping in a cloud of smoke. His blood pounded harder to the beat of Ralph and his incredible pumping piston. Visions of sugar plums and cherries and pineapples danced through his head.

Outside, rain began to fall and the Chief suddenly felt like singing. What a glorious feeling. He was happy again. He laughed at the clouds so dark up above, the sun in his eye and he was ready for . . . A WOMAN. He was cured!



## TOIKEWORK RASPBERRY



The challenge of visualizing a future society has always fascinated Stan Klubchick. The Dregs methodically beat the shit out of a drunken rubby. A horror show of gratuitous violence (left). "Reeked" havoc in the Black Hart Pub — Artsies spewing and ralphing their guts out (above top) The "old Surprise visit" to the SAC and the proper way to "Brute Force" your way in (above center). A spin in a highjacked Urindale bus (above bottom).





The Chief: a victim of his own Lunatic Society (top left) engages his Dregs in a deluge of animalistic violence and savagery. The fruckus ends quickly, with a bashed and battered Chief oozing on the street below (top centre left). The Chief being dragged off by the ever present forces of 'Academcia', (bottom centre left). The LE Jones Technique (left Bottom). The Chief easily resists the temptations of 'sex and booze', a 'Primus Engine Ericus', (top and centre right). The Dregs save the Chief from himself as visions dance through his head (right bottom).



# The Bookshelves as Battleground

The university is gone mad. Instead of writing essays, the students are now marching in protest. The libraries stand locked, dark, and airtight. Many of the books are misfiled and misshelved. The students song is "We shall Overcome" and their creed is "I believe in the Librarian, almighty, maker of books and journals, and it's all for the glory of Toronto and the honour of Varsity". (From "In the Shadow of the Library")

This shadow could conceivably fall across the crowded University of Toronto campus. Already the new Robarts Research Library seems desolate and lonely, a fortress ready to repel and attack. But what has caused the problem now shaking Toronto?

Traditionally, the Toronto undergraduate was not given free access to the stacks in the Sigmund Samuel Library. Third and fourth year students can presently enter the stacks. Within the past year, due to student pressures and an increasing emphasis on essays, the library officials opened the stacks to second year students. Previously to obtain books they were restricted (as freshmen still are) to the small Wallace Room collection or to a runner service through which students placed orders.

**STUDENT UNREST.** The latest flareup of student unrest is due to the Library Council move to restrict undergraduate usage of the new Robarts Research Library. This plan, by restricting stack access to graduate students and faculty, eliminates the newly won freedoms of the 2nd year students as well as placing new controls on the higher years.

The serious nature of this move appears more evident with the consideration that the Robarts Library will be filled with 900,000 volumes from the present library. Student leaders claim this action implies that a student does not become scholarly until he reaches graduate school. The undergraduates who outnumber the graduates by about 10 to 1 would be left with about 200,000 volumes, many of which are multiple copies. The library administrators have made no comment on this cry of inequality, however they have stated that all undergraduates will be allowed to use a runner service similar to the one presently used. Students have criticized this move by calling the service slow and useless. They say it fails to allow them the opportunity to locate similar volumes by browsing in the stacks.

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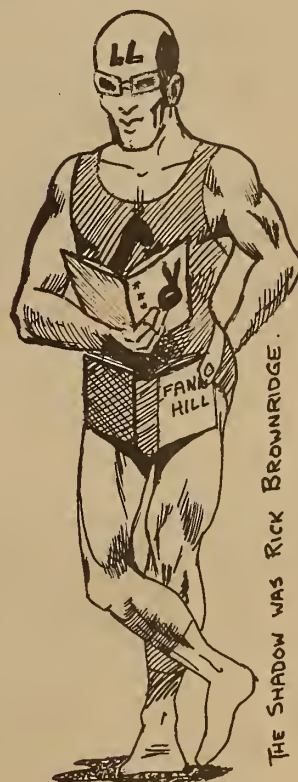
**G.S.U. SUPPORT** Surprisingly, the Graduate Student Union, who stand to gain the most, have called for open stacks, stating that the Robarts Library should be open to all students and the community. So far, student reaction to the situation has been well-controlled and thoughtful. It is a credit to the student leaders that the situation has not yet exploded. A petition and a mail-in campaign (which produced 7,000 signatures in favour of opening the Robarts Library) failed to impress the administration and faculty-dominated Council. A sleep-in held in the Wallace Room was more dramatic and did keep the library open for one full 24 hour period, but again failed to impress the council. Their only official reaction was to send additional campus police to protect library records. The administration has refused to discuss the matter further, stating only that the new 14-storey complex was not designed to handle the large number of undergraduates.

Of interest now, is where will the students try to go from here? It is unlikely they will concede defeat. Past experience has taught the students that there is little gain in begging from the library officials. Serious discussion may convert some Library Council members to the student cause, but a quicker solution may be reached by taking the situation over the Library Council to the University of Toronto Incorporated Board of Directors. Here a presentation of the student argument may convince at least part of the Board that their ruling is going to reduce return on University investment. This threat of educed profit will probably spur some action quickly since previous events have shown that the American owners do not approve of any action which will likely reduce profits.

**GUERRILLA TACTICS** However, if an approach of this sort fails, there is a possible path which could cause chaos in the university community. Failure to correct the inequities of the system could lead to the appearance of library querillas. Their actions could consist of misfiling books in the stacks open to undergraduates and other moves, such as failing to pay library fines and incorrectly filling in withdrawal slips so that the library staff will make many useless trips into the Robarts stacks. These actions could disrupt continuity of library operations to such an extent that the administration would consider completely closing them to undergraduates.

Perhaps the supreme threat of such a movement lies in possible involvement of graduate students. Library guerillas operating in the Robarts Library could grind operations in the mammoth complex to a halt. Misfiled books could be lost for months or years. Research by the faculty could probably grind to a halt. Action of this sort would undoubtedly bring action from the U.S. (If this occurs, the students will probably gain their freedom since it will be difficult to dispose of the University and its subsidiaries such as the Libraries for few could afford the price [in excess of \$42 million for the Robarts facilities alone].)

Unlikely as the guerilla movement is at the moment, it remains a viable alternative for the students. Additional support may be forthcoming from the professional faculties as many are providing more exposure to arts courses. This could provide enough weight to influence the Library Council's decision. Since the students are unlikely to back down at this threat to their main source of knowledge, opening the Robarts stacks to all may provide the best solution to the use of an admitted poorly designed complex. Without a change now, the battle may be long and deadly, to both Library and to scholarship.





# The Oldest Profession: It's Still Going Strong

*The Toike's secret correspondents Les Rapchak and Michel Chamberland — members of the second oldest profession (engineering) — interviewed a member of the oldest profession. Here is their report:*

From the banks of the great Tassle Creek, and the broad Driveway, from the emerald back room of the MILL Building, and the mustard coloured dung-hills of the Toike Offices, from the countless engineers from countless villages came the cry, 'Interview a Prostitute!'

As the dynamic duo left on their mission, they danced on the roofs of buses and marched down the streets singing their anthem, 'Godiva'.

Oscar — that's not his real name — a drunk that prowls the burrows of Toronto, was accosted and bribed for information leading to a lady of the night.

Following the directions supplied by the sordid gentleman the inconspicuous pair promptly arrived at the proper location and spotting one of many squad cars asked two policemen for further information.

The dominions of the law revealed our chief difficulty. In striving for oblivion, we had passed the bounds of inconspicuously and entered the appearance commonly known as 'cop'.

Upon removing our clothing we soon stumbled onto a prostitute who for a small fee gave us the following interview.

Mike: Do you worry about V.D.?  
P.: Yes, I always worry about things like that. But like I go to the doctor quite often to get a check up. I'm a little fussy about who I go out with, so men like I get are usually business types. The majority of them are married, have kids. You really don't have to worry about that.

Mike: Assuming you caught it would you keep working?  
P.: No, I'd quit.

Les: Do most girls work alone or do they sort of have a man that handles them?

P.: Most chicks have an old man, you know that protects them, but he's just around so that no one is beating them for their money or you know, trying to take advantage. I have a fellow who is living with me. We get along very well. He's a nice fellow. He takes very good care of me.

Mike: What would be a typical pick up? What would happen?

P.: Like everybody knows that (name withheld) is just more or less our meeting place and that a guy will come over and ask a chick if she likes to go out with him. A lot of other girls will approach the male.

Les: Then what happens.

P.: She states her fee and if the gentleman agrees with the fee, you know...

Mike: What would be the fee?

P.: It varies. Some of the older women go ten, fifteen. Some who have been around a while charge 15, 30, 35.

Mike: For example, how would you go?  
P.: 25 plus room.

Les: You hear about certain types, who come in, and leave without paying. Is there protection against this type of person.

P.: No. There isn't. Like the only protection you have is that the chick gets her money first before she does anything. I've been beat a couple of times. I've had a guy take my money. I had a guy there last week. I went out with him and he paid me a hundred dollars for 4 hours. I said okay. Then when I was leaving he came on me, you know, 'Where's the money' and like I wouldn't give it to him. He tried bending my arms and my fingers but it didn't work. I went into the bathroom and beat it out the window anyways.

Mike: What about your man.

P.: Well, like he doesn't go on the trick with you. I'm going to get some means of protection. I'm going to pick myself up a small gun.

Mike: Do you get excited during sessions.

P.: Ah! Let's put it this way — a trick's a trick. You know like it's business. Mind you, I've run across one person who I thought was a real nice person. Like, the kind of guys I go out with, I like as people, but business is business. There is this one guy in particular who's been a steady since I started hustling and he's a very nice person, very shy, and I feel kind of protective towards him. It's actually... I can't

really say.

Les: How about saving money?

P.: Well, I've got a guy working and he's a junkie and I support his habit. I got onto speed so I support my own habit, clothing, groceries. Mind you, I intend to start putting money away. Because I want to get a business built up of steady customers and I'm not going to be on the corner because there's too much heat, especially tonight. There was 3 plain clothesmen and that squad car (the one we talked to) all around the (place withheld) at the same time and that's too much heat. It's bad.

Mike: How good are you at spotting police?

P.: Pretty good.

Mike: If you had seen me walk in dressed as I am, would you think I was a cop?

P.: Yes. You see men in overcoats and the first thing you think of is cops. Your blue jacket..., an awful lot of men, coppers, wear University jackets and I'm not kidding.

Les: Do these men like to tell you their problems?

P.: Some are very closed mouthed. Most are, but some are looking for a little sympathy and affection.

Les: Would you say most of your profession is that way or are you an exception?

P.: I don't know. I'm new around the corner. I never hustled before up until 2 months ago. I can't be hard and callous like most of the chicks are. Other girls around here treat good customers like a piece of merchandise. I can't do that. This is the difference between me and most of the other girls.

Mike: Do you think you'll ever change?  
P.: No.

Mike: How did you get started?

P.: Well, I was broke and disgusted, got into some speed, and away I went.



STREETWALKING

Mike: Do you plan to keep doing this? Les: Is there any problem with pregnancy these days?

P.: No. I was modelling for a while, I might go back to that. I was a secretary ... so ... but I guess I've got to get a little bit of this ... I don't know what it is, just restlessness, out of my system. That's all. P.: Oh no! There are supposed to be a few girls who are pregnant. I guess a lot of girls take birth control pills or something like that.

Mike: What's your philosophy on life. Les: Do they keep their children or have abortions.

P.: Live and let live. Everyone do their own thing. I don't believe in having to put on a front, for society so to speak, if you want to do something, do it, as long as you're not hurting other people. P.: A lot of girls keep them. I would say it's more or less 50-50.

Les: What do you think would happen if prostitution was legalized. Mike: If it was all to do over again would you do the same thing?

P.: I think it would be a good idea myself, because there wouldn't be as many sex crimes around if prostitution was legalized. A lot of kids are scared off by the police and I think this is why you have the amount of sex crimes in this country. P.: Yes, I think so. It's an experience, and every experience you have in life you can always learn from it. Whether you're nine or ninety a person can never say they know everything because no matter how old and how wise you get, you can never know everything.

Mike: How much education do you have? Mike: Assuming right now, you were offered a job, would you take it?

P.: I have grade 10 and 2 years commercial. P.: No, not right now.

Mike: Are you happy? Mike: Part time then?

P.: That's a hard question to answer. I can't turn a trick unless I'm stoned on speed, so I guess I really can't be that happy. But I haven't been straight for 2 months, except for now ... you know. P.: Yes, because I'm still involved in the drug scene for one, like I don't intend to quit doing speed right now. I'm not addicted to it but I enjoy it. Speed you can not get addicted to unless you get addicted to it psychologically. I don't want to quit speed right now because I enjoy doing it. But speed and ... I don't think I could on speed. I get too involved in things. Like it takes me two hours to take a shower, ... sort of things. I can't see typing one letter taking 3 or 4 hours. People object to this sort of thing.

Les: Are most of the girls on drugs? P.: I think most of the chicks are on one type of drug or another. I know pretty well everybody from around the corner now. I was around the corner before I was hustling too, for about a month but most of the chicks I would say go out to support their habits.

THEATRE

Nobody Came

"Holy Moses Superstar" by Moshe O'Hara and Paul Cadario mixes the wistful, slightly sentimental humour of Eric Miglin and the abrasive machine-gun ribaldry of Dave Pike.

Moses, played with intense virtuosity by Ron Jamieson, isn't going anywhere. He has become an asphalt urchin of Egypt where he cunningly cadges an insistence off the body of a society he believes is sick, bloated and dying.

Moses is more likeable than he sounds. He is a Milleresque waif who collects blood from stone, and continually defies the laws of engineering, particularly the laws of fluidics when he made the waters part while being chased by the palace Zulu tribe. Moses cums on strong as an idiot in the scene where he talks to a burning armadillo on the top of Mount Everest after completing a daring two hour climb.

PERFORMANCE. However, the optimum performance came during the finals where Moses received the ten commandments from the Holy Trinity (Labatts, Molsons and Carlings).

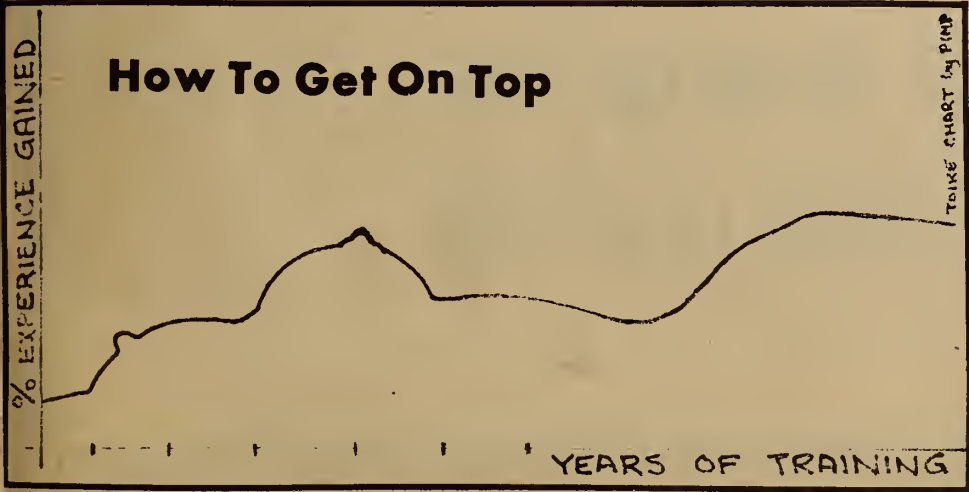
The leading lady, played by Linda McQuaig, is brilliant as the sado-masochistic wife-daughter of King Cronas of Egypt. Her scanty attire takes too much away from the play however.

The supporting case is also brilliant. Ralph, as the golden calf is an excellent example of type casting. Jim Richardson plays the part of a horny eunuch. Danny Dowhal has a great death scene as the drowning of King Cronas in the Red Sea. Mike Pasic plays a big part as the Red Sea. Steve Swigger is brilliant as the choreographer of the play's many orgy scenes and of course the cast of tens.

Mike Owyganowski as the mad Irishman cums on strong as a piece-loving slave girl dealer, the best in all of Egypt (free dope with the purchase of twelve wenches and a coupon from the Toike of February 24, 1972 BC).

All in all, the play is worth ignoring. O'hara and Cadario are planning a sequel to this play called "Son of Moses in the Land of the Giants" which they hope will also become a movie.

L.R.





**THE STUDENT CHAPTER  
OF THE  
CANADIAN SOCIETY  
FOR  
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING  
PRESENTS**

**1 "Employment of Engineers and Scientists in Canada. 1972 and beyond."**

**A talk by Mr. John Williams of the Technical Service Council.**

**Date. . Friday March 3 Time . . 12. .00 a.m. Place . . SE. 135**

**2 "The role of the Federal Government in Pollution Control and the  
Protection of Environment Quality."**

**Date . . Wednesday, March 22 (tentative)**

**Time and Place to be announced.**

**ALL ENGINEERS ARE  
WELCOME TO ATTEND**



## On Impotence

The wind blew cold late that February evening outside the tiny lab in the Ramsay Right Animal-Type Building of the University of Trawna where graduate zoology student Phineas Ork sat diligently putting the finishing touches to his Ph.D. thesis. The dark womblike room was bestrewn with reams of data sheets, flasks brimming with sparkling pungent essences, and innumerable photographs models, and plaster casts of pachydermal genitals.

**BIRTHPLACE.** No, this was not the lair of some monstrous pervert, but rather the birthplace of perhaps the most important zoological treatise of this or any other century. Ork's thesis: "On Impotence in the Captive Bull Elephant and Consequent Frustration in Captive Cow Elephants".

Ork had boldly embarked on this project despite the jeerings and scorn and indignation of an academic community which had not as yet been informed of the currently ongoing sexual revolution. This had begun as a study of the sexual problems of elephants in the confines of zoological gardens the world over, where the pressure of everyday life were almost too much to bear.

**EATING** Being fed foil potato chip bags, beer cans, and polystyrene coffee cups by well-wishers shouting "Look, he's eating it!", having small change shoved up their trunks by sweaty, eager pre-adolescent hands, being blinded by those cute little flash cubes, and rocking dumbly to the muzaked strains of Lawrence Welk and the Champagne Music Makers and the "Baby Elephant Walk," these routine elements of an elephant's day created a sexually stifled atmosphere in which even the most red-blooded of bulls could rarely, if ever, assuage the mammoth appetite of his cow.

Ork had followed the problem through hundreds of zoos and supermarket openings the world over. He had put electrodes and microphones in every imaginable elephantine nook and cranny, and had collected gallons of excretions from pachyderm pores.

**ANALYSIS.** Several months of detailed biochemical analysis had yielded the proper mix of pheromones guaranteed to bring even unconscious animals to incredible heights of erotic excitement... Perhaps it was the lateness of the hour or the dank coolness of the lab redolent with leviathan lovesmells that made Ork's head swim. Whatever the cause, the effect was to convince him that it was time to quit for the night. Rising to his feet, Phineas suddenly faltered and knocked over an enormous beaker of clear yellow liquid, spilling its contents over the front of his body. It was the miracle serum.

Ork muttered an obscenity. "I guess this means I'll have to wash. Well, it's almost March, and I was due soon anyway. I'll

mix up a new batch of essences in the morning." Ork doused the light, and stepped into the frigid night wind.

**STIRRING.** Shuffling down Hardboard St. toward his flat, Ork became aware of strange stirrings in the front of his trousers such as he had not experienced since inadvertently spotting Laverne Slutz squatting in that damn tight skirt to pick up her pencil case back home at East Beaver High School. A smile crept across his perpetually chapped lips as Phineas mused that this was his first sign of weakness in seven upstanding (or rather never upstanding) years. A cold shower and a few pushups would clear everything up, as it always had for all the members of the Westdale Cub Pack (Dyb, dyb, dyb, we'll dob, dob, dob).

By the time he had arrived at his small dark room,\* Ork was transported with fear. He turned to grab at the pullcord of his light, and knocked over a chair in the process. He took one terrifying glance in the mirror, and fell to the floor in a flurry of ineffectual pushup movements. But try as he might, Phineas could only rock helplessly to and fro on his painfully distended member.

He tried to rise, but the weight of his behemoth bone pulled him down. He called for help, but found he could utter only drooling noises. Like a wave, the realization swept over Phineas that his body tissues were being reorganized. He was turning into a ponderous pachyderm potz!

Breathing became difficult as a collar of skin rolled up around Ork's mouth and nose. (Phin's father, a devout Presbyterian, had been overheard soon after his son's birth saying, "they ain't never gonna cut nothin' off a my boy except mebbe some hair and a few toenails. Now, stop this Seemite foolishness and get those pork rinds away from the truck.")

**FATE.** Well, thought Ork in a flash of that kind of humour that inevitably accompanies certain disaster, the next time some snotty Soc and Phil major called him a big Science Schmuck, he could accept it as a simple observation. When the last chuckle had left Phineas, he began to sob, bemoaning his fate. As far as he was concerned, Phineas was useless.

But wait! How could he have been so short-sighted, so selfish? Phineas was anything but useless. With consummate difficulty, Phineas rolled to the street below. The icy sidewalk stung but he was too mad with joy and anticipation to notice. Standing as straight as he could, Ork managed to thumb a ride, (some people will pick up anything), and in

minutes arrived at his destination, the City Zoo.

He hopped and throbbed his way to the elephant house, and to his extreme delight, found the door open. Phineas followed the scent he knew so well to a dark pen containing a gargantuan cow elephant. "This'll show them," thought Phineas. "They'll have to admit I was right!" With those final words, Ork took the plunge that ended his life.

The next morning, the sun shone brightly from out of a crisp blue sky onto a world which was a bit different from the world of the day before. A budding young zoologist with the happiness of the noble elephant foremost in his mind was missing, and in a dark pen in a city zoo, a cow elephant lay sleeping with a mysterious smile on her face. Ork would have been pleased.



## Sex Pushes On

The University of Toronto biomedical engineering institute has just released what may turn out to be the most important research document concerning male-female relationships of this decade. On Wednesday, January 26, Dr. Johann Sebastian Blew-all-over-his-horn stunned the first triennial colloquium on "Everything you have been told about sex... but never wanted to know," with his paper entitled "A Physiological basis for Rape."

Dr. Horn has recently completed his Ph.D. thesis on the effects on the psyche of being a male nurse at the Sick Children's Hospital. (see Toike Jan. 10) and his new paper is based on some of the research done in the locker rooms of the hospital. The following is a summary of his work:

\* Ten point bonus question for PSY 100 students: "What would Freud have had to say about this young man's fetish for small, dark rooms?"



**STIMULATED.** It has been found that when a male is in the presence of a desirable female, he tends to become sexually stimulated. This stimulation causes a number of physiological changes to take place in the man's parasympathetic system. Because of this, there is a change in blood distribution in the body.

Blood flow to the body decreases and blood flow to the skeletal muscles increases. These muscles tend to stiffen and become hard, due to the increase in blood volume. Also the hands and feet begin to sweat. Dr. Horn has found that this is important in facilitating better gripping power.

**BUILD-UP.** In this excited condition, there is a buildup in hydrochloric acid in the stomach because there is not enough blood present for proper neutralization. The powerful acid begins to eat away at the stomach walls, which in all probability will cause very painful ulcers. The only recourse for the male is to quickly exercise, to reallocate his blood to disperse the acid in his stomach.

Dr. Horn suggests that the usual remedies (26 fast pushups, running 3½ miles at top speed, etc) cause many disastrous side effects, the most important being complete exhaustion for the remainder of the day. Therefore, the only solution left for quick relief is an immediate and complete rape of the cause of the problem.

Suffice it to say that the author has tried Dr. Horn's remedy, and has found it very suitable in most instances for a quick, harmless cure.



Up and cumming at the next meeting will be Dr. Freude N. Zleppe, the eminent psychologist, who will present a synopsis of his new work, "Male-male relationships, what a bummer"

## Repaired Clam

Even the continuous observer can instantly apprehend the significant, repair-worthy design deficiencies in the classic mollusk living-unit. From the clam-view, the structure looms as an asymmetrical, weighty, hollow stone, composed of timed deposit-accretions of a number of substances, the result being a bony agglomeration that prevents effective tide-borne global gloaming-roaming without, paradoxically, providing sufficient internal strength to resist penetration efforts by predators, a fact demonstrated to my satisfaction at the age of two, by seagulls, whom I used to watch in Maine (during an hiatus in my since-abandoned researches into a motor that would run on ordinary tree moss) bombing shore rocks with members of the local quahog population, in invariably successful attempts at break-and entry. From the man-view, besides the directly resulting loss of a husbanded resource, the asymmetrical, unarticulated shell-shape complicates preconsumption storage in eatingry places; makes access without appropriate tools to the chew-worthy, hors d'oeuvral body all but impossible; negates efficient hexamerous (order-of-six) or dodecamerous (order-of-twelve) arrangement of the eventually halved appetizerly item on circular platters; and leaves as the end-product two randomly concave hemispheres which make notoriously inefficient ashtrays, their only conceivable post-clam-habitational use. Yet apart from specialized local structural variations occasioned by evolutionary pressures and other minor differentiations from the basic matrix, the underlying pattern has existed unchanged for upwards of fifty million years. Obviously, this is something of a record for clinging to an outmoded housing system.

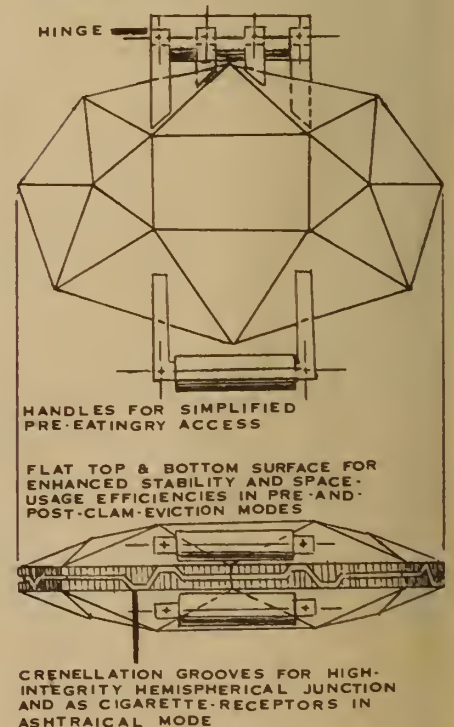
The repair I have indicated here eliminate the enumerated deficiencies and simultaneously provides numerous bonuses. First, the dymaxion tensional-sectional construction, which, appropriately enough, uses as its main structural material ground-up clamshells, will resist traumatic impact overpressures of a size unlikely to be inflicted by any seagull not capable of a sustained Mach 2.3 dive from 15,000 feet and entails one-fifth the cost of duplication of the original shell; second, handles have been emplaced on both dymaxial hemispheres for simplified post-harvesting clam-extrication, a convenience which in no way renders the clam vulnerable to sea-occurring predators (this does not include my proposed Dymaxion 4-D Dolphin, the introduction of which in large numbers would necessitate minor redesign - see Geodada, p. 157), since the hinged hemispheres adhere with a high-integrity

(DYMATION BIVALVE MODULE)

spring-and-suction closure; and, third, flat top-and-bottom surfaces permit efficient space-utilization, both in the seafood store and on the seabed floor, vastly increase snack-on-platter placement efficiencies, and transform the heretofore marginally usable half-shells into attractive receptacles for gears, vectors, trusses, vertices, and other randoming doodads. In addition, the regular rimcrenallation, introduced originally as a perimetric strengthening factor, provides handy out-of-mouth cigarette cradles when the dymaxion shells are used in an ashtricial mode.

Obviously, it would be preferable if the emerging continuous clam could become unmoored from the confining clump of tradition and overcome of his own volition the multimillennial dioxyribonucleic propaganda which encourages the mindless construction of his obsolescent shell dwelling, but failing such an infusion of new awareness, I believe systematic rehousing of significant numbers of mollusks in the Dymaxion Bivalve Module by idle clam-harvesters during the wastefully non-productive R-less months to be a feasible alternative.

DYMATION CONSTRUCTION FOR ECONOMY & STRENGTH





## The Marble Game

The winters are cold and windy on campus at the University of Toronto. However, one shiny warm spot persists at U. of T. despite the weather — that one spot is a building on College Street called the Clarke Institute.

One of the Clarke's top psychiatrists, Dr. Harry "Bull" Sheet, claims that all too often a person who is ill (for example a person with a hangnail or venereal diseases or both) makes himself sicker than he really is because he adopts what is known as the "sick role". Working with his brother Stained, Dr. Sheet found that by taking on the sick role, the patient behaves as society expects him to behave — he must stay in bed, drink plenty of fluids, take aspirin, and feel miserable.

Dr.'s E.R. Wax and R.M. Pit (both graduates of Mario's Bakery School of Psychiatry, Newark, N.J.) have found that a patient's length of illness can be shortened if he is kept from thinking about his illness. At the Clarke, they discovered that one of the best ways to keep the patient from thinking about his illness is to let him play games — either with playmates or himself.

For example, if he has marbles, let him play with his marbles. One game he can play with his playmates is as follows: the patient sits on the floor and puts his boulders (enlarged marbles) between his legs (which are spread). He then yells, "Hit 'em and you get 'em." All his playmates then shoot their marbles at his.

The first person to hit his boulders gets to keep them. Dr. V. Gina has found that if the patient throws a tantrum after he loses his marbles, the patient should be cut off from his boulders completely. Even though this procedure is painful, it is unique because the patient no longer thinks about his marbles. This procedure even curbs animalistic sex drives!

### GLADIATOR.

Another Clarke wonder, Dr. P. Nis, has invented another game — "Gladiator". This takes three to play: two gladiators and a fair damsel. The two men battle for the damsel's hand (or other parts of her anatomy).

One gladiator is armed with foul smelling spiked balls at the end of a stick, while the other is armed with a thick pole. The former tries to smash the latter in the face with his balls while the latter tries to run his pole down the former's throat (the damsel must keep out of the way — many a damsel have been knocked out by foul smelling balls in the face or choked to death after swallowing a pole rammed down her throat).

TOIKE February 24, 1972

## ENGINEERING SOCIETY APPOINTED POSITIONS

The Eng. Soc. Council is now accepting written applications for the following positions:

### Treasurer

- shall keep the books and financial records of the Society
- shall be a full-voting member of the Eng. Soc. Executive.

### Manager of the Engineering Stores

- if interested contact Jim Kelly or Ron Pitts at the Stores

### Editor of the Toike Oike

### Business Manager of the Toike Oike

- shall solicit advertising for the Toike Oike
- shall keep the financial records for the Toike Oike

## Chief of the Brute Force Ctte. Cannoneer

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Save 11c  
a week



## ALLADIN

Finally, another Clarke genius, Dr. Abe Ortion (graduate of psychiatry at the University of Tel Aviv in Cairo) has found that playing "Alladin and the Lamp" has had successful results. Here the patient rubs a lamp (if he hasn't got a lamp a box will do) until the imaginary genie comes. When the genie arrives, he is allowed to have two wishes: the first wish is of course for good health, the second wish is to have the genie clean up the mess he made when he came on the scene (Although results with this game are usually good some sticky situations of enormous magnitude have been found to occur if the genie produced is more than 600 schongs tall).

Dr. F.O.R. Skin of the Clarke sums it up this way, "If the patient is to recover quickly then he must learn to play, play, play until he is exhausted. If he doesn't do what we tell him, all we can say is that he is missing a lot of fun.



Playing Bigger Games

# MUSIC

## Sinofonic Pathetoike

The Live-Topi Inc. has just released its "New Complete Unabridged Glossary of the Symphony" or "Everything You Always Wanted to Know about the French Horn but were Afraid to Ask" edited by Topi Music Director, Mary-Jane Stitt. In the words of the author the glossary is "a valuable learning experience for all those poor scholars, intellectuals and Engineers, who don't know an oboe from a hole in the ground (or elsewhere!)

Here are a few excerpts from the glossary.

**FLUTE.** The Flute looks like an arthritic drain pipe, which has been plagued by swarms of myopic woodpeckers. The average flautist takes great pride in the distinctive sound of the flute, which has often been compared to a steam-boat whistle with gas, or, when beginners play, the accidental goosing of the matron of honor at a wedding... or, at its very worst, the mother of the bride.

**CLARINET.** The Clarinet is usually played by farmers who miss the familiar sounds of the barn yard. A good clarinettist can imitate pigeons, squirrels, ducks, horses, pigs, mules, roosters, and on occasion, can even make the sun rise. Clarinet players think that they are extremely witty when they refer to it as their "stick," and it is a common musical knowledge that clarinettists are really

eunuchs who guard the great harems of flautists, and will mangle and pulverize any oboes who dare venture into the virginal flute section.

**FRENCH HORNS.** in the other hand, are noble and wise Instruments. They are the Kings of the Orchestra, and are only dethroned when some damn fool locks the door of the can. Horn playing is a virile art, and guarantees to put hair on your chest. Horns look like giant sets of galvanized intestines, or constipated eels, and probably have more feet of tubing than the urinals at Union Station. Horn players need lots of wind and breath control to play these temperamental disasters, and they are reputed to be great lovers because of certain tonguing techniques which they developed while playing, and because they are always 'horny'.

**TROMBONE.** The Trombone is an extremely erotically suggestive instrument. It is made of a long pipe, shaped like a kid's railroad track, and it has a slide which moves in and out, up and down. Trombonists put a little bit of water on their slides so that they won't get sticky and sluggish. Vaseline is unheard of in 'bone land'.

**PERCUSSION.** The Percussion section is composed of various instruments that go bang, boom, whomp, splash, tinkle, gongg, fishhh, clong... and all the other noises that you got hell for making in three health class. Percussionists are usually men and women who never developed mentally after puberty, and love sitting around banging sticks together, shaking morrocas and, in rare moments of intellectual splendour, clashing cymbals while the rest of the orchestra is trying to tune.

**PIANO.** The Piano is sometimes used as a solo instrument with an orchestra. It takes many years of diligent practice to become a great pianist (make sure you spell that right, boys!). Pianists take great delight in 'tinkling the ivories' for several hours a day, and, occasionally, they play the piano, too.

**CONDUCTOR.** The Conductor is the man who holds this whole mess together, and on slack days, sells tickets on trains. He keeps the cages clean in this muzical zoo, and stands in front of the orchestra, waving his hands. He is the maidenhead... er, I mean, figurehead of the orchestra.

The glossary is dedicated "to the memory of all people who have committed suicide, and bloody hari-kari, after hearing the LGMB, at any one of the epic Varsity Football Games. May they Rest in Piece."

TOIKE February 24, 1972

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## 20 Yrs. a Dynasty

The pundits knew it would be tight, but they also felt that the Engineering Volleyball dynasty would cum through one more time. They weren't disappointed.

Riding into the quarter finals off a less-than-perfect season, Skule easily beat St. Mikes, Knox, and Erindale, but lost to the strong nine from Meds. Due to the oddities of the double-elimination playoff format, SPS vanquished Meds in the semis three straight: 15-1, 15-7, 15-11; but met them again in the finals.

In the 2½ hours it took to complete the playoff, neither team seemed to gain the upper hand. Skule took the first and third games by identical scores of 15-9; Meds rebounded both times and came back with wins of 21-19 and 16-14. Then, in the decisive game, the Engineers played for their full worth and came out on top of a 15-5 victory.

"REALLY GREAT." Said six-year veteran Andy Mitrowski, "I've never been part of such a great team effort before. All the guys — Saar, Woods, Matthias, Meri, Lendrum, Grant, Kelvins and Joe — gave it everything. It was really great."

In the past 23 years, lesser efforts have lost only one championship, in 1953. The junior team, out of the playoffs this year, seems to have its future work cut out for it. A twenty-year streak would be quite an accomplishment.

Who knows? Maybe in future faculties will be playing for the the S.P.S. Volleyball Cup.

## Close but not Quite

In basketball, the Sr. Skule team had a "close but not quite" season. Several tight games went the other way and due to one or two missed baskets the season ended up 3-10 with one game to go.

Commissioner Kenn Lendrum feels that the work of teammates Bill Clark, Anton Davies, Paul Joe, Bob "Peachy" Keen, Greg "Big Fellow" Olsen, Jude Robinson, Kevin Ryan and Mike Tannos justified coach Bob Annis' efforts.

Lendrum also appears optimistic about the S.P.S. future in the game. Despite the loss of several veterans through graduation, the talent displayed in the first-year tournament will become available to strengthen the senior team.

The fact that the Junior team is headed for the playoffs surely does nothing to lessen his high hopes.



SENIOR SKULE BASKETBALL TEAM

## National Graball Week

In his continuing quest for expansion, Clarence, of the National Hockey League, announced this week the creation of the National Graball (Grad Ball) League. The first exhibition game is to be played on March 3, 1972, at the Skyliner stadium. A security leak (all papers are kept in a Cabinet) allows us to pring excerpts from the rules:

1) Any sign of enjoyment leads to instant disqualification. The correct attitude is one of continual fear and tension, covered by facile conversational style and the mistaken belief that the game fits the player for the real world.

2) a. Male players shall wear black trousers and a black jacket so designed as to show instantly any crease or spillage (see rule 3). Their jacket shall have appended to it tails, designed to reduce any remaining functional value, so that he shall not be tempted to wear the contrivance for other occasions.

b. Female players, being second class game players shall be allowed to wear any long gown, provided only that it be uncomfortable. They shall also always be in possession of a male player at all times, as described in 2)a.

3) The participants shall be required to consume food according to a set or rules unknown to any but the referee, as a test of their inductive reasoning abilities.

Penalties for failure are severe, requiring usually that the player feign acute embarrassment, and in the case of severe infection, that he undergo temporary excommunication.

In the recent past, exhibitions of this sort have failed to draw much fan support. One can only marvel at the promoters' tenacity in trying to revive a dying custom.

## Here come the Goons

Since its inception a long time ago, the Annual Chariot Race has served as an illustration of the Spirits of Skule. In the past, engineers have continually shown that they can still enjoy life, a luxury that certain creations have neglected to do.

This was well-illustrated during the first (and last) re-established annual interfaculty chariot race as discovered by Radio Varsity. This rare event had only four entries, two of which were from Skule. They finished.

Tomorrow's gladiatorial contest promises to be as animalistic as usual. Traditional rivalries, Eng. Sigh and 7T3 Mechanical return along with weak entries from Civil and lesser courses. The time is 1:30, front campus. Plain to join the herd.



## SPORTS



ABOVE: GOING, GOING . . .

BELOW: GONE!



## EDUCATION

### It Pays to Stay in School

The Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario has informed us that there are few alternatives for students leaving Secondary School other than going on to a Post-Secondary Institution. Unfortunately this is becoming even more true. The Commission suggests that viable alternatives be found. However, if these alternatives are not found soon it will definitely pay to stay in school as long as possible and the following fictitious situation may become a reality.

**PERSONNEL OFFICER:** Your application looks very good, except for one thing. Why did you drop out of school?

**APPLICANT:** I'm surprised you should ask that. I have bachelors' degrees in physics and electrical engineering and also a master's degree in political science and economics.

**P.O.:** That's what I mean. Why didn't you at least go on and get your Ph.D.?

**APP.:** To be perfectly honest, I didn't know you needed a Ph.D. for this job. Of course I realized I could never apply for skilled work, but I thought maybe I'd stand a chance as a janitor.

**P.O.:** I'm afraid it's the same old story. You kids get restless and quit school before you've got a decent education. We've had janitors at the University before with only a master's degree and they just haven't worked out.

**APP.:** What seemed to be the chief problem with them?

**P.O.:** Well for one thing it pretty much takes a doctorate to get even a rough rough

understanding of the union contract. Then some of the boys have been quite weak in the molecular theory of cleaning abrasives and the mathematical aspects of surface tension as applied to mopping terazzo floors.

**APP.:** But I'd be willing to work hard and learn. Maybe I could go back to school at night to upgrade myself.

**P.O.:** Mind you, I admire your spirit but

we just can't take the chance. You'd feel very much out of place in the lunchroom when the line crews are discussing advanced nuclear physics or the latent imagery Pound or Joyce. And if it ever got around that we were hiring illiterates I'm afraid we'd be the laughing stock of the education business.

**APP.:** I suppose you have a lot of other people after this particular job?

**P.O.:** Yes we do. As a matter of fact it almost went this morning. Fortunately I took the time to read the applicant's doctoral thesis on certain chemical relationships involved in washing woodwork with Mr. Clean. He drew several analogies with Schumann's quantum inversions that I personally happen to believe are way off base. I felt we'd be going out on a limb if we hired him.

**APP.:** It was a pretty close call, eh?

**P.O.:** Too close for comfort. As it stands we already have a painter on staff who barely passed an Academy of Arts test on the early Florentine masters. I know it sounds unbelievable, but there it is, and we're stuck with him.

**APP.:** I realize now I don't have the qualifications to become a janitor, but surely there must be something I can do. I don't even care about pay, working conditions or job security.

**P.O.:** You mean you're willing to take anything?

**APP.:** Yes sir.

**P.O.:** Well, why didn't you say so before? We can start you tomorrow in an administrative position . . .



Down the hall to the left!



## Komix are Koming

Canadian comic and science-fiction aficionados long have had little to rejoice about. While this country has produced some talent in these areas, the centres of activity have always been below the 49th parallel. Next weekend the action moves a little closer to home with the first major Canadian comic-art/science-fiction convention.

Campily titled the "Cosmic Con", the 2½ day gathering at Winters College, York University, promises to be as professional an event of this sort as one can wish it to be. Organizers Ken Ketter\* and Ronn Sutton have managed to lure some of the top Americans in these fields to the land of ice and snow to enthrall the masses.

**NAME ARTISTS** Some of the "name" artists expected at the Con are Joe Kubert, Mike Kaluta, Gray Morrow, Neil Adams, and Jim Steranko. Steranko, the promoters' special guest, is taking this "rare" opportunity to earn a few bucks, giving art lessons at \$20 a shot. Also showing will be Toronto-based professionals Bill Payne and Derek Carter and unknowns Ron Jamieson, Ronn Sutton, and Bob MacIntyre (everyone starts somewhere). Comic writers to the show include Denny O'Neil and Stan Lee. Of course, Toronto's own Captain George Henderson will also be present.

So as not to keep the Con exclusively in the comics field, a tasty sci-fi fare has also been prepared. Writer Judith Merrill is expected and Ken Ketter also hopes film directors Fritz Lang and/or Alain Resnais will also come.

**FILMS** By far the best feature of the Con promises to be the films *Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Illustrated Man*, *Barbarella*, and *Time Machine*, *Planet of the Apes*, the first *Flash Gordon* serial, and Disney's "Sleeping Beauty", are some of the films to be shown. The rest are also in keeping with the general themes of horror, sword and sorcery, and sci-fi.

Somewhat out-of-place will be the presence, Saturday night, March 4, of rock group Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes. Still, their presence alone makes the weekend's admission price of \$3.50 worth the visit.

It promises to be a unique event.

\*Kenn Ketter can be contacted at 635-9398. Advance tickets are available from him at Rm 206, Winter's Residence, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview for \$3.00. TOIKE February 24, 1972

## The Defiant Ones

*TOIKE'S Women of the Year were interviewed last week by the secretly well-known correspondents Michel Chamberland and Les Rapchak at the well-known entertainment centre, "Les Girls." In its own way Les Girls is an act of defiance just as decisive as the Women's Lib movement.*

*The four strippers interviewed were: B.M., D.D., Ma., and R.R.*

*Excerpts:*

Les: What do most men like?  
B.M.: You're a man, you answer that.

Mike: We're not typical men.  
B.M.: You're damned right you're not! I don't know, a woman is a woman. A woman knows how to please a man.

Les: Do you run into many perverts?  
D.D.: What you define as a pervert?

Les: What would you define as a pervert?  
D.D.: I haven't met any perverts so I don't know. Just because a man sits there and wiggles his tongue or something I don't think he's perverted.

Les: What do you think of the weirdos who pay to get in and either stare at the floor or go to sleep?  
B.M.: Whatever turns them on.  
D.D.: Only drunks do that.

Les: What do you think of customers who bring in flashlights, pepperoni, cigarette lighters, rubber gloves, megaphones and bones?  
D.D.: I really haven't heard of it before. Well if they have fun with it, why not?

Les: Do men ever get grossly over-excited in the audience?  
B.M.: I would imagine so. If they do they go to the bathroom.  
Ma.: It's hard to wack-off behind three foot seats. Three foot seats aren't designed for wacking off.

Mike: What's it like backstage?  
Ma.: Same old shit. Everybody trying to fuck everybody else...

B.M.: Chaos!!!!  
D.D.: A riot!

Les: Did you ever have a bee in your bra?  
D.D.: He could have been there but he never bit me.

Les: Do you think that cutting out a man's tongue would ruin his sex life?

R.R.: I beg your pardon? What does his tongue have to do with his sex life?

Ma.: It wouldn't ruin it, but it would certainly ruin his cum on.

D.D.: Why of course! Isn't it natural?

Mike: Is that really your hair there?  
D.D.: Definitely!! Of course!!

Les: Do you exercise often and how?  
B.M.: I'm a gymnast.

Mike: What is your favourite piece of apparatus?  
B.M.: The bed.

Les: Have you ever met a satisfying artsie?

R.R.: I don't understand the meaning of the question.

D.D.: Ha! No-oo. Ha! Ha!.

Les: Why don't you use the shifting erogenous zone technique as discovered by what's-his-name. That is, instead of removing the bra and then the panties you reverse the procedure.

R.R.: That's only if you got no tits.

B.M.: Well, whatever you want to do man. Whatever turns you on.

Mike: Well, what was proven recently was that...  
B.M.: Was it a man?

Mike: No, a psychologist.  
B.M.: A man?

Mike: Relatively.  
B.M.: Well he don't know fuck-all about the business. Whatever he says is bullshit.

Les: What's your favourite instrument?

B.M.: The organ.

Mike: Are we as good as they say we are?

D.D.: Not bad! Not bad at all!!!!

*The last question was directed to the manager of Les Girls:*

Mike: As a guy, what do you think of the guys who cum to see the performance.

Manager: I think there's a place for them. We get a pretty heavy cross section of people in here, a lot of businessmen. A more intelligent kind of crowd... different strokes for different folks.



# **UNIVERSITY**

## **GOVERNING COUNCIL**

**VOTE**

**Mailed ballots will be arriving early next week.**



## BOOKS

**AN ANALYSIS OF THE LUNATIC MIND**  
The Autobiography of a Toike Joike  
Editor by Peter Newell.  
333 pages. Shortman. 799 rubles.

When Peter Newell embarked on writing this epic piece of literature, little did he know what he was letting himself in for. The book's fly leafs lists a host of well known characters such as the gas pump. The book itself seems to consist of some of the all time depths of humour as the hairy pogo stick said when asked its opinion. (Have you ever tried talking to a hairy pogo stick?).

Some exerppts follow:

There was this nice old lady who one day went to the bakery and asked the baker for two dozen Bagels. "Sorry Madam," said the baker, we are all out of bagels this week".

The next day she was back with the same request, to which the baker's reply was the same as before. The next day she was back once more asking for two dozen bagels. "Look Lady, I told you twice before this that we are out of bagels this week," said the baker. However the next morning the old Lady was back again with the same request.

"Lady, will you please spell TOM as in Tomatoes," said the baker.

"T - O - M" she spelt.

"Now will you spell POT as in Potatoes," asked the baker."

"P - O - T" she spelled.

"Great!" said the baker. "Now will you spell FUCK as in bagels".

"But," replied the perplexed old lady, "There's no FUCK in bagels".

"That's what I've been trying to tell you!" replied the baker.

\* \* \* \*

Everything had gone fine in their newlywed lives, except for one little thing. He would not part with money for clothing to cover the needs of his wife.

They had just been invited to a masquerade ball, and the perpetual argument had once again come into action: the wife wanted money to buy a costume for the ball.

"Oh for Heaven sakes!" exploded hubby, "make a costume from clothing lying around the house, the stuff you always say is out of fashion!" When the evening rolled around, he donned an old suit onto which he had sewed numerous patches, and was downstairs in his "bums attire" waiting for his wife.

Hearing footsteps coming down the stairs he rushed to see what she was wearing. To his complete surprise, she was walking down the stairs wearing black gloves, black slippers - and nothing else.

"My Gawd!" he roared. "What is that supposed to represent?"

"Since you wouldn't give me money to  
TOIKE February 24, 1972

# ENG. SOC. SPRING ELECTIONS VOTE TODAY

## PRESIDENT

Don Buchan  
Scott Joliffe

## VICE PRESIDENT ADMINISTRATIVE

Rick Fletcher  
Ron Lepofsky

## VICE PRESIDENT ACTIVITIES

Sven Miglin (acclaimed)

# SAC ELECTIONS ENGINEERING SAC REPS

## Duties

- represent the student interests of the Society to the S.A.C.
- communicate the activities of the S.A.C. to the Society
- be a member of the University Cttee. of the Eng. Soc. Council.

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**Nominations close March 8**

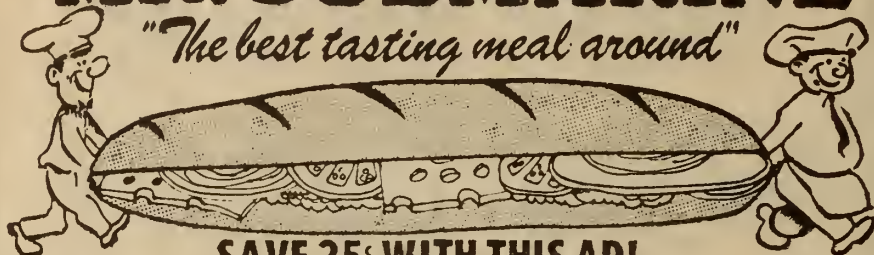
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| 5) Marg, Linda and Loretta | Three Dog Night        |
| 6) Jungle Fever            | Fakawfw Tribe          |
| 7) Cumming Out Party       | Cream                  |
| 8) Don River Blues         | Muddy Waters           |
| 9) Sweet City Woman        | Sugary F.D.S.          |
| 10) Itchy Ass              | Wilson Pickett         |

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**BOOKS**

buy a costume," replied his ever loving wife, "I'm going as the five of spades!"

\*\*\*\*\*

It has often been claimed that Newell, in this book, attempted to lay (?) the basis for a self-admiration society, why else would he have been standing in front of his washroom mirror repeating over and over and over again, "Two hundred pounds of dynamite, two hundred pounds of dynamite." There was also a rumour that at this point an unknown female stuck her head around the door and was heard to say, "Yeah! with a two inch fuse". Altogether a shitty piece of work.

Ibin Yurkinoff

**THE SECOND CUMMING**  
**The Hair-Sprayed Worm**

by Eric J. Miglin

2034 pages. Shortman and Mill. 25 Schicks  
(payable to author)

The inspiration for this story was a pet frog owned by the author and a brief precis of the story follows:

One day a little boy walked into a well known house in the region of Queen and Jarvis and tells the madam that he would like a whore with V.D.

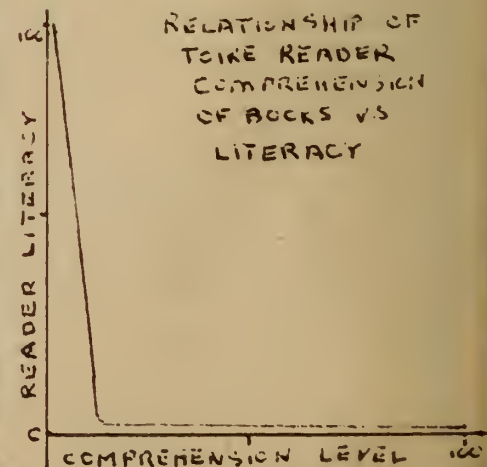
"You're a little young aren't you?" the woman asked.

"I'm willing to pay," continued the boy, "with the money in my piggy bank. But I must have one with V.D."

"Why do you want one with V.D.?" asked the now thoroughly curious madam.

"Well you see" said the kid, "It's like this. I'll get V.D. from the whore. When I get home, the girl friend of my big brother will play around with me and she'll get it. Then my brother will get it into her and he'll get it. Later on he will make it with the maid, (made?), and she will get it. Then when Mommy isn't home Daddy will drill the maid and he'll get it, and he will give it to Mommy. Now when Daddy is at work Mommy will make out with the milk-man and he's the bastard I'm after cause he ran over my pet frog."

I.Y.



TOIKE GRAPH BY PHIL

TOIKE February 24, 1972



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3391 Yonge St. — Tel. 486-9311

across from the Fairlawn Theatre

210 Bloor St. W. — Tel. 923-2479

across from Varsity Stadium

2424 Bloor St. W. — Tel. 763-4336

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